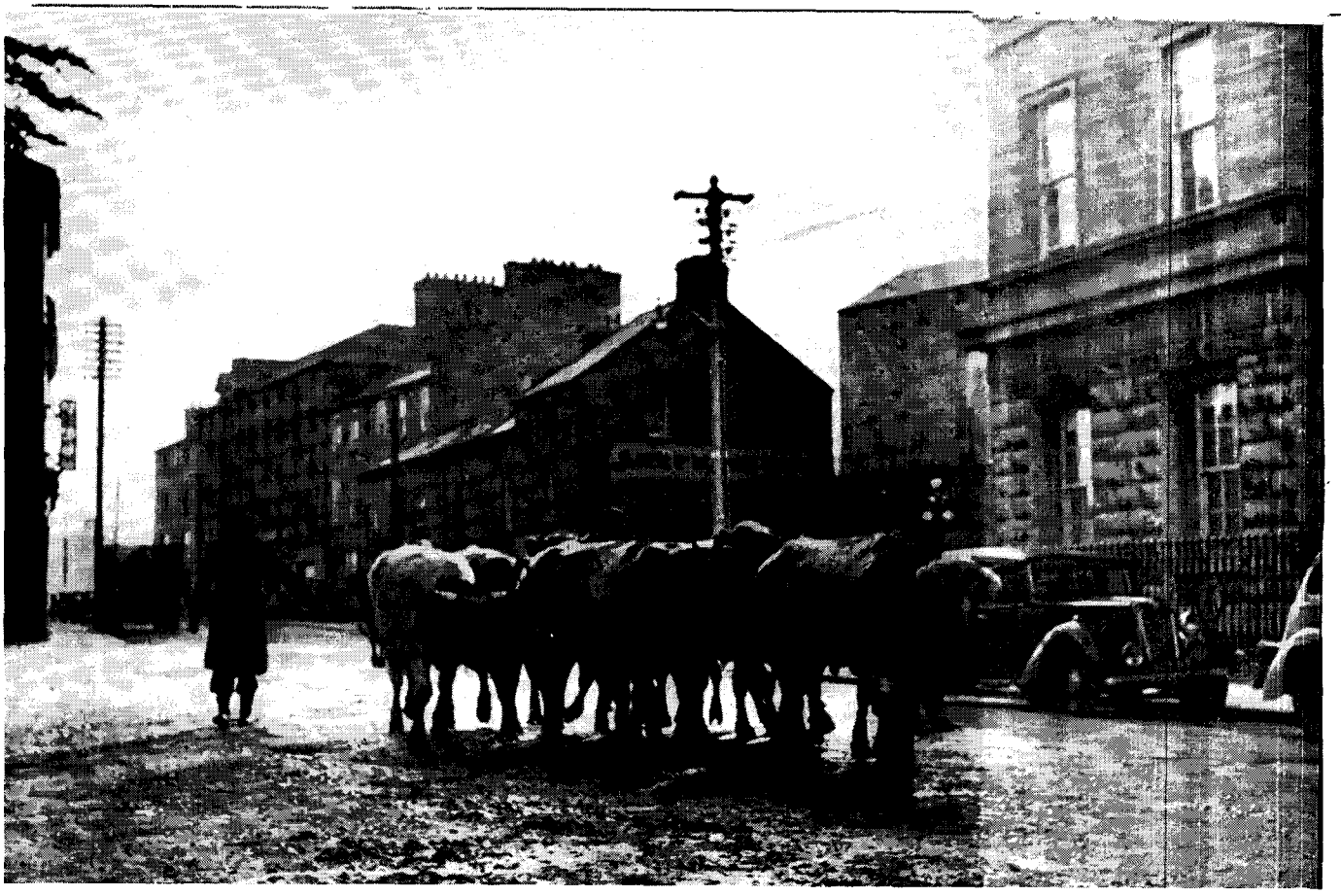
As Europe Goes, So Goes the U. S.

The Reporter

October 30, 1951 25c

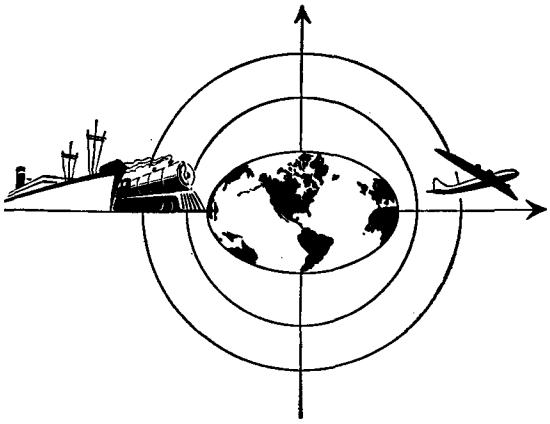
The Candidate for Woodford

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eire enters the twentieth century (see page 23)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

THE ALLY WE MISSED

In the latest instalment of his memoirs, which can be read now in the New York *Times,* Mr. Churchill pays a resounding Churchillian tribute to the memory of Benito Mussolini. The tritest commonplaces of Fascist propaganda are to be found in the oversized paragraph in which Churchill says, among many other things, that Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism, restored order to the nation, made it respected and great, gave it a new empire, challenged and defeated the League of Nations. There is no mention of the trains running on time, though the spirit of the thing is there.

But Mussolini went wrong, says Mr. Churchill, when he took his country to war on Hitler's side. If he had waited a couple of years and straddled between the belligerents, Fascist Italy would have become a rich and powerful country. Then it could have stabbed Nazi Germany in the back after having made sure that it was really done for. "Even when the issue of the war became certain Mussolini would have been welcomed by the Allies. . . . He could have timed his moment to declare war on Hitler with art and care," writes Mr. Churchill. Too bad he gambled on the losing horse. He underestimated Britain. "Thus he marched to ruin. His great roads will remain a monument to his personal power and long reign."

These remarks open many vistas. Mussolini would not have joined our side at the time of Casablanca, but could well have come in at Teheran. Indeed, he could have been a sort of political interpreter between Roosevelt and Churchill on one side, and Stalin on the other, for certainly he knew what it is like to be a dictator and had studied some Marxism in his youth. We could have seen him signing the Atlantic Charter, we could have heard him bellowing the Four Freedoms, and those who attended the San Francisco Conference could have admired him, strutting down the aisles of the Opera House, while on the way to affix his signature to that great document which starts "We, the people . . ."

Of course, the economy of Italy was bankrupt even before Mussolini took the country into the Second World War. To finance the Ethiopian and Spanish Wars, he had stolen the money the Italian people had paid for social insurance. By his order, the finest among the Italians were murdered. But he left those "great roads."

To be sure, Mr. Churchill is not a cynic; he cares for freedom—at least British freedom for the British people. The big trouble with him is that he is not only a great man but a self-conscious great man who likes to bestow on people of his choosing certificates of greatness. It is because of his conviction that great men are, as he would put it, above the vicissitudes of partisanship, that he thinks he is the one man who still can talk, on the same level, with Josef Stalin.

When he is too much affected by the sense of a great-men's fraternity, the eloquence of his writing gets conventional and flabby. His tribute to the fallen Italian is little more than sheer, raw ham. The Italians have a word for raw ham: *Prosciutto.*

THE SECRET OF SECRETS

It is a terrifying thing, this story of government secrets that leak out to the press. At a recent press conference, the President himself said that a Yale University study, prepared for the Central Intelligence Agency, showed that ninety-five per cent of our secret information has been revealed in newspapers and slick magazines.

Mulling over and over again in our mind what happened at that confusing and ill-fated press conference, some light dawned on us. The President had given the right lesson to the wrong people. He must have thought, "Look at what is happening in Congress, day in and day out. There is not a state document, no matter how superclassified, that cannot at any moment be aired before the Tass people. And if legislators are to blame, what about the highest government servants, particularly those in uniform? Scarcely a week goes by without some story on our strategic plans or military preparedness being published by the popular slick magazines, and the picture of the man under whose name the story appears can always be seen on the front page, with all his brass and ribbons. For heaven's sake, talk less, write less, sign less, you Congressmen, or generals, or admirals, or big shots, anyway. Or at least, think twice before speaking, or writing, or signing."

This is, we submit, what was boiling in the President's breast, and at a certain moment it had to blow up. He had an assembly of people in front of him whose business it is to see that news gets into print. He told them that they should think twice before publishing even what has been duly released by the proper authorities. Probably what he wanted to say was: "Please don't ask the big shots to write so many articles, and when you get them, send them back."

So everything turned out wrong, as frequently happens in the bedlam of a press conference. But what the President wanted to say, if our guess is a good one, was right.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

EARWASH

To the Editor: In the article "Bloody Harlan and Corrupt Bell," in your September 18 number, writer William S. Fairfield refers to a Southern accent as "agonizing."

An extremely well-educated and traveled Englishman, who gained fame as the director of many excellent American films, once referred to the Southern accent—with its liquid-soft tonal qualities—as the world's most exquisite speech. Certainly this appraisal by a film director, whose stock in trade is the spoken word, is to be more highly regarded than the reflection of a reporter, who deals only with the written word.

Speaking of "agonizing" accents, I suggest that Fairfield take a trip to New England, where the accent becomes a nasal twang so strong and so inhospitable that most visitors feel like crawling under the nearest rock; or to Brooklyn, where the accent is so crude and illiterate that one isn't really sure if it is of the English language.

Then again, writer Fairfield might need his ears washed out!

ROBERT R. MARSHBANK, JR.
Arnold, Maryland

BRITISH ATTITUDES

To the Editor: When Reinhold Niebuhr in your September 18 issue ascribes European "anti-American feeling" as frequently due to "Marxist dogmatisms," I disagree as far as Britain is concerned on two counts: "feeling" is misleading, and political affiliations seldom affect British attitudes toward America. These conclusions are based on an attitudes survey involving some fifty thousand written responses by 729 Britons and 2,500 hours of group discussions on Anglo-American relations with another 950.

"Feeling" implies long-lasting, over-all attitudes: reactions to Americans as people *plus* reaction to the United States as a world power. The British differentiate. Toward us as people, sixty per cent favorable reaction is conservative; these are stable, well-grounded *attitudes* based on acquaintance with the United States or wartime G.I.'s in Britain. No statistically significant differences (.05) can be found between matched groups on any score: political affiliation, age, class, education, etc. On *opinions* that fluctuate with events, thirty-five per cent tend to be unfavorable, forty-five per cent favorable, and twenty per cent ambivalent or undecided. Here politics is operative in two instances. Socialists suspect our economic practices (e.g., increased productivity as "speed-up"); Conservatives suspect our cultural standards (a factor in our capacity for world leadership). No other statistically significant differences due to political affiliations can be found. Lack of information, misinformation, and misinterpretation in the light of self-interest are much more important and basic, I believe.

MILTON D. GRAHAM
Montgomery, Alabama

ROLE OF THE CHURCH

To the Editor: There are a few questions I would like to ask William P. Clancy, who reviewed Paul Blanshard's *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power* in the September 18 issue. But then, as Clancy seems to be an intelligent reviewer, I'm sure that he knows that his comments leave several fundamental questions unanswered.

I would gather that Clancy makes much of the presence of liberal Catholics in Spain, France, and the United States. This argument, if argument it is, is not in the least acceptable. The existence of such liberal elements is on sufferance only. When there is a showdown these liberal elements are required to accept the ruling of the Church.

What is true, however, is that such progressive forces are permitted to be active in those countries where the Roman Catholic Church is a minority religion and has to exist as one among many. The situation is entirely different in those countries where the Roman Catholic Church wields the majority power. You have but to look at Italy and Spain for illustrations of my contention.

Clancy may deplore it as much as he likes but he cannot deny that the reactionary tone of the Franco government is at the very least condoned if not actively approved by the Roman Catholic Church, not only in Spain but everywhere. And what has Clancy to say of the treatment accorded to minority religions in Spain? Franco's policy is dictated by the Roman Catholic Church, so the "militant opposition" doesn't mean a thing.

Where I disagree most profoundly with Clancy is in his statement that "the Church and the state are unique and separate entities." Clancy must surely know that the Roman Catholic Church does not accept such a distinction. Its argument is that the "supernatural" end is the only real one. Inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church claims this "supernatural" end as its own special province, it follows that good Roman Catholics, who must be concerned with this "supernatural" end, must by the same token accept without reservation their Church's rulings.

The Roman Catholic Church becomes very vocal about the state where it has the majority and therefore the power. Spain is a good example; Italy too, increasingly the United States, and most clearly for me, this Province of Quebec. The Church here does not accept its separation from the state. It has been active in provincial politics—I live in a rural district so I have some idea of the extent. Clancy probably knows of Archbishop Roy of Montreal, who was suddenly "taken ill" and had to go to Rome when he showed his militant sympathy for the striking asbestos workers in this province. He has of course since been replaced.

It is unfortunate that the nature of the Roman Catholic Church demands, in the long run, its alliance with the propertied and conservative classes. It thereby renounces its progressive role. Surely there are exceptions, but these are "sports," and they have only a limited function. Other churches cannot be so indicted because they have accepted the distinction between church and state.

What I have said really amounts to asking Clancy whether he really believes that the Roman Catholic Church accepts itself as a separate entity from the state.

COGITO
Quebec

FAITHFUL GIDE

To the Editor: I found Gouverneur Paulding's October 2 review of Albert J. Guerard's *André Gide* stimulating. However, I think he is not quite accurate in stating that Gide "joined groups of one kind or another and then left them . . . all."

I worked with Gide during 1945 and 1946 in Paris when he was one of the most loyal and organizational-minded members of the Advisory Committee of the International Rescue Committee. (I was director of the French office at that time.) His experience with the Communist movement made him a militant and intelligent anti-Communist Leftist. Even though he would never have been a consistent party member of any kind (and should never have tried to be one), he understood the importance of party government, the labor movement, relief committees, pressure groups, etc., as I learned from long talks at that time and later correspondence. I agree that Gide "made a career of being complicated," but Paulding does not realize that he was even more complicated than he implies: He could support over a period of years, like a good American, a politicalized relief campaign.

I should add that I think *The Reporter* is one of the three best magazines published in this country.

FRANCIS A. HENSON
Milwaukee

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*
Assistant Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Robert S. Gerdy
Assistant Managing Editors: Al Newman, William Knapp
Art Editor, Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding
General Manager, Raymond Frankel
Production Manager, Malcolm J. Fleming
Advertising Manager, Richard F. Lyon • *Circulation Manager,* Albert C. Simonson

VOLUME 5, NO. 9 **OCTOBER 30, 1951**

in this issue . . .

The American Impact on Europe

AS EUROPE GOES, SO GOES THE U. S.—AN EDITORIAL (*The Hope of Europe—II*) *Max Ascoli* 4

WHAT FORCED THE BRITISH ELECTIONS *Graham Hutton* 6

JACOPONI AND THE COLONEL . . . . *Claire Neikind* 9

NEW PRODUCTIVITY FOR THE WEST? *Theodore H. White* 13

At Home & Abroad

NEWS RHODE ISLAND CAN'T GET . . *Allen Raymond* 17
In Pawtucket as in the Pentagon, the inquiring press is rebuffed

PASADENA—PHASE II . . . . . *Fred M. Hechinger* 20
A widely discussed conflict in public education continues

EIRE SETTLES DOWN . . . . . *Norman MacKenzie* 23
Eiredentism loses its urgency in a troubled world situation

THE STRANGE CASE OF DEAN HEWLETT JOHNSON *Louis Baldwin* 26
The "Red Dean's" long pilgrimage from Canterbury to Moscow

Views & Reviews

THE LOANS OF UNCLE JESSE . . . . *J. K. Galbraith* 29
A review of Jesse H. Jones's Fifty Billion Dollars

HOLLYWOOD BELOW THE HIMALAYAS . *Robert Lubar* 31
East beats West in the complexity of its film production

MIGRANT WITH MESSAGE . . . *Richard A. Donovan* 35
Eric Hoffer's metamorphosis from blind boy to clear-eyed philosopher

ARE WOMEN'S COLLEGES REALLY NECESSARY? *Diana Trilling* 38
A mellowed look at the militant feminism of the 1920's

We started out with the Marshall Plan, and Europe recovered economically. But European democracy is still weak and uncertain. Max Ascoli's editorial continues the examination of the new political unity through which European democracy can attain a new vitality. It is at the political level that America now must act. The first three articles in this issue show how European countries react to the impact of American policies and their own internal difficulties.

Graham Hutton, a British journalist, wrote *Danubian Destiny* and *Midwest at Noon.* . . . **Theodore H. White** is a frequent contributor to *The Reporter.* . . . **Allen Raymond,** now lecturing on freedom of information, has been a foreign correspondent for the New York *Times,* the New York *Herald Tribune,* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Norman MacKenzie** writes for one of the British week-end publications. . . . **Louis Baldwin** is an assistant professor of English at DePaul University. . . . **J. K. Galbraith,** an economist and former OPA official, is on the faculty of Harvard University. . . . **Robert Lubar** has been in India as a correspondent. . . . **Diana Trilling** is a well-known writer of essays. . . . Cover by **Chris Ishii;** inside cover photographs from Black Star.

THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1951 by Fortnightly Publishing Company. Subscription price, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions, and Pan American Postal Union: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Europe Goes, So Goes the U. S.

(The Hope of Europe—II)

THERE is a queer, stale quality in the politics of the European nations these days, with each party focused on the somewhere else and the bygone rather than on the here and now. For large masses of Europeans, the most advertised and glamourized somewhere else is still Soviet Russia. In France, the Gaullists want to bring France back to the power and the glory that once were hers. The German and the Italian neo-fascists conjure up the ghosts of the fallen dictators. The Socialists everywhere go on assuming that public ownership is a sure guarantee of democratic progress, as if no dictator had ever thought of using socialist measures to keep himself in power. In Italy, there are influential politicians who want to remake the country into a slightly modernized theocracy.

Whenever there are elections, the people in Europe go to the polls in larger proportion than we do over here, but the image of their moods and needs reflected in the election returns is like that of a distorted mirror. The instruments of democratic representation seem to register only their moments of dejection and helplessness. Yet the fact is that there is little dejection and helplessness in the way people run their lives and go about their business all over western Europe. It is difficult to find a country where the people's vitality is as buoyant and uninhibited as in Italy—and the political picture so dismal.

The Marshall Plan was designed, as it used to be said, to create some of the conditions that make for the growth of democracy. In so far as it has revitalized the rate of production, even without lifting it to the high standard of American efficiency, it has been an extraordinary success. But there must have been a missing link somewhere, for in some of the nations that have benefited economically from the plan, democratic institutions are, to say the least, as frail and shaky as they were when the plan was first conceived.

It has been said many times that tariff barriers, aggravated by restrictive practices that hamper the creation of large consumer markets, have prevented the people of the continent from reaching a level of production adequate both to their skills and to their needs. More recently it has been said that their single armies, even if strengthened in a system of European alliances, cannot provide adequate defense against Russian aggression.

There is much truth in these statements; yet underlying it all there is an ugly fact: The institutions of political democracy in the major nations of the continent have reached the point of diminishing returns. The people's energies and will to live are to a large extent unreflected and unchanneled. The crisis of Europe certainly has formidable economic and military aspects; yet above all it is one of democracy, of representative institutions that have become unresponsive, uncontrollable, and fundamentally unrepresentative. Of course the strength of Communism within each nation is a great threat to democracy. Yet it is doubtful which of these two elements—Communist infiltration and democratic feebleness—is the cause and which the effect.

The elections keep coming, one after another, political or administrative, and the people keep going to the polls. But the mechanisms that are supposed to register their needs—their party and election systems—have become loose, so loose as to make universal the conviction that a rewiring, or new gears, is overdue—or something.

Unity Is a Means

The call for a something to be done here and now has been sounded in Europe by an American general. He has not made many speeches, and all he has told the Europeans has been said before by several European statesmen. But the difference is that he is there now, to do the things he preaches. Since his coming he has established an utterly unprecedented hold on the people of Europe—no one knows whether because

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or in spite of the fact that he is an American and a general.

Eisenhower is in Europe to do something far more important than to assemble a large multinational, multilingual army. He is not a high-brass recruiting sergeant. As he said in his London speech of July 3, he conceives the army as a first step toward the unification of Europe. But even this aim, difficult as it is, when and if attained, may turn out to be a hollow achievement. The people of Europe would not gain much if the new federation turned out to be the sum total of all the ills that beset its single national units. There is no magic virtue in bigness: In fact the countries that are in the deepest crisis are the large ones rather than the small.

To be truly a power in the diplomatic and military sense of the word, a united Europe must be made and run by men who from their unity have regained a new sense of purpose, a broader comradeship, the certainty that what they do is going to last and grow. The European federation can work only if it brings to European politics—federal and national—the vigor, the zest which the Marshall Plan stimulated in the European economies.

Were we like the Russians, it would not be so difficult to bring into existence a European army and a European federation. In fact, we could even dispense with all the troubles inherent in launching such newfangled ideas, and we could do without the aching complications resulting from any attempt to merge or rearrange national sovereignties. It would be enough to do in the West what the Russians have already done in the East: Bring to unresisting subjection the countries on our side, establish uniform armaments, and send our generals to command the captive armies.

But we cannot do any such thing, and we would not know how to do it even if we wanted to. No matter how many guns and tanks and planes we ship to Europe to be manned by European soldiers, the military assistance we provide can be useful to us only if the citizen-soldiers who handle our weapons know how to make use of their citizenship. We cannot once more furnish arms to our enemies, as we did in China. We have no margin for error left. In Europe, we are stuck with the principles we solemnly proclaim: Either we live up to them or we lose Europe.

THERE are quite many Americans in high Washington positions who do not see things this way and follow a more pragmatic, "realistic" line of thought. To all intents and purposes, we are at war, these people say, and wars are fought with soldiers and weapons. We have the weapons. Where are the soldiers? Who can provide them?

It is the same line of thought that prevailed during the last war, when we treated as allies the strangest co-belligerents. We do the same thing now by helping Tito, who represents a defection from Stalinism. Why shouldn't we do the same thing with Franco, who represents a defection from democracy?

So the thinking goes, accompanied by the hope that by helping one Tito, more Titos may emerge. Nobody knows whether there are potential Titos around; but one thing is certain: By giving assistance to one Franco we have emboldened the several Francos who, in different garb and feature, lurk now in the decaying politics of Europe. These pretenders to absolute power are all rabidly nationalistic, firm believers in the sacredness of sovereignty, receptive to American economic and military assistance, but definitely unwilling to subject themselves to any check on the ways they use it.

In France, there is de Gaulle, who has never minced words when it came to putting the Americans in their place. In Italy, the so-called Committees of Civic Action, who so far have brought out the votes for the Christian Democratic Party, now, through their leader, Luigi Gedda, threaten to join forces with the well-financed neo-fascist groups and throw de Gasperi out. In Germany, former generals of the Wehrmacht and undenazified politicians are getting more assertive and influential every day. And so it goes.

All those right-wing groups are outspokenly, unashamedly anti-American. When they come to power, stifling whatever is left of democracy in their countries, they will firmly face us with an either/or: Either unconditional support, or Communism. They will have us over the barrel. They will see that their citizens behave—something on which the Russians can count when they decide that Europe's rottenness is mature and the knife can be used.

Do They Know?

In our country too, there is something sinister in the way some citizens harass and punish other citizens who have violated no law. In our country too, political debates seem to be increasingly removed from the here and now of national and world affairs. Europe is not so far away, and our immigration laws cannot be effective against the spread of political infection. If Europe falls to the Russian armies, we are in immediate military danger, and if European democracy is destroyed, if we have only dictators on our side, our democracy too is in danger. By patronizing Franco we have dismayed those Europeans who believe in democracy—still a majority on the continent—and we have weakened the European army before it is assembled. Perhaps our pragmatic "realists" don't know what they are doing.

Or do they?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clement Attlee

What Forced The British Elections

GRAHAM HUTTON

THIS FALL, after nineteen months of Parliamentary stalemate, Prime Minister Clement Attlee found himself caught, not between Conservatives and a hostile public opinion, but between Labour's extreme left wing and an economic crisis of the 1947 and 1949 variety. He chose to go to the country, much in the mood of an early Christian choosing to go to the amphitheater as a performer rather than a spectator.

"Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," said Tertullian. The doctrines, dogmas, and practices of British Labour and its welfare state have suffered so terribly from compromises in the past two years that Attlee may well have preferred the ordeal of the amphitheater—or even martyrdom—to any more of the last nineteen months' demoralization.

Conversion to Peace

To understand the ins and outs of the British political scene today, it is necessary to know two postwar British trends very well: the purely economic trend; and the social trend among the electorate, which has been entirely different from that of, say, the 1930's. Let us begin with the basic facts of the British postwar economic setup.

Britain had major economic crises in 1947 and 1949, and the third version of the same basic model is now coming off the line. In 1947, after the most vicious winter in living memory and failures in the coal supply and the electricity grid, Britain was still drawing into work the demobilized ex-Tommies, still reducing its defenses, still converting war plant to peacetime production, "making do and mending," clearing the postwar decks for civilian action. So the first Marshall Plan aid of that year came as a heaven-sent boost. It cranked up the British economy, which fired and then went off in good style. The figures show that of all European countries, Britain pushed up its output, by quantity and by man-hour, fastest and farthest between 1947 and 1949.

But between 1947 and 1949 Britishers made their first mistake, a natural one. The export figures mounted; the welfare state began its most costly experiment (the Health Service) in July, 1948; re-equipment throughout British state and private industries progressed; housing expanded, and many other "non-consumption items" grew bigger.

Most politicians, publicists, and ordinary people in Britain then imagined that the "full employment" thus obtained and the fuller pay envelopes all around would presently be accompanied by fuller store windows. Most of them wanted—and believed in—the welfare state, *and* higher personal spending, *and* better equipment for British industries, *and* more subsidized housing and food, and so on. Falling armaments deceived them: Consumption in 1949 outran Britain's current production, *plus* imports, for the home market. The same thing throughout the sterling area led to overbuying, overimporting, underexporting, and—despite American aid—a consequent drain on sterling. The pound had to be devalued exactly two years ago. That should have resulted in making all goods bought by the sterling countries from nonsterling countries dearer—thus reducing imports—and all exports cheaper—thus more salable.

Reconversion to Defense

It did, for a time—too short a time: roughly from October, 1949, until the Korean War began the following June. Midway through those nine months, Mr. Attlee called the election that produced the only Parliamentary stalemate of this century. It is important to review what happened in Britain between the devaluation of two years ago and the election of February, 1950; for the same thing has happened this year, and the seeds of this year's and next year's crises were sown when the pound was devalued.

The logical consequence of devaluation was for Mr. Attlee to introduce emergency measures to stop a domestic inflation, resulting from fewer imports and more exports, and from a Labour policy of welfare state and housing, and public and private investment as usual. This, in fact, he did. But—note well! —Aneurin Bevan (then Minister of Health) and the "Keep Left" wing of Labour objected; and Mr. Attlee abandoned the counterinflationary program. So British prices began to mount

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again. On top of this unstable economic structure came Mr. Attlee's weakened second Labour Administration, the Korean War, and world-wide rearmament.

During 1950 the sterling-area countries selling raw materials reaped a large gold and dollar harvest. London, the sterling area's banker, took the gold and dollars in 1950 and handed to the sterling countries its sterling I.O.U.'s—i.e., ran up the famous sterling balances, ran up debt which would only be redeemable sometime in the future by way of British manufactured exports.

On paper, it looked as if Britain was doing fine. Many Americans thought so, and got quite angry about it, asking why Britain didn't push its rearmament harder. They could be forgiven, since practically all Britishers made the same error. They did not see that Britain was buying more and more, with rearmament and fuller-than-ever employment and pay envelopes; that these imports cost British manufacturers exactly the same prices as they cost Americans or French; and that Britain was, in fact, running up a big debt, an overdraft that had to be redeemed in extra British exports, over and above the extra exports required to pay for the higher import prices anyway.

Hugh Gaitskell

Throughout 1951 the previous year's gold and dollar harvest began to dwindle away. Britain rapidly turned from a seeming creditor in the European Payments Union and elsewhere into an obvious debtor. The high raw-material prices which had benefited other sterling nations began to hit the mother country hard.

And so the old familiar faces of the 1947 and 1949 crises reappeared in the shadows—behind the window dressing of the 1951 Festival, behind the shadow boxing at Westminster, and behind the sweet illusion of the ever-fuller pay packets. By the time of last April's budget it was obvious that the soaring cost of living was the paramount issue in the British political stalemate; that if rearmament, industrial re-equipment, the welfare state, and bigger exports were all to go ahead, domestic consumption would have to be cut drastically; and that there was no more slack to be taken up, since Britain had prematurely renounced U.S. aid, relying on the 1950 gold and dollar harvest of the sterling area. The British political economy, with neither captain nor first officer daring to tell the crew what should be done, had run into a hurricane with every bit of canvas she could carry. Something was bound to go. *How* it would go was the only issue.

Rationing Through Pricing

At this point the political trend becomes the important one to trace, for on it depends the outcome of the October 25 election and the outcome for the future of Britain, the sterling area, and the western powers.

In his budget of last April, Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell—a first-class economist before he was a Labour politician—told Parliament and the nation the bald truth: If rearmament, the welfare state, industrial re-equipment, and bigger exports were to be achieved simultaneously, Britishers would have to give up some personal consuming power. He frankly stated that this would have to happen by way of higher prices, a higher cost of living all around, and a movement of the British price level upward to a point where the Briton's standard of life would have to take another moderate cut. The familiar Daltonian and Crippsian "austerity" was back on the doorstep, like the cat with the brick around its neck.

Herbert Morrison

The Trades Union Congress supported this policy in writing. It would be no good, said the chief Labour spokesmen, to try to push up wages union by union, industry by industry, or even all at once: The goods had to go abroad, or into armaments, or equipment; they wouldn't be in the stores to be bought, and the higher price level would act as rationing this time. (This was strong doctrine for Socialists to admit: that the hated "rationing by the purse" was to be recognized as an instrument of the state in behalf of a Labour Government.) Before delivering his budget message to Parliament, Gaitskell threw down his economist's challenge in the Cabinet. After a row—in which, by hindsight, it becomes obvious that Aneurin Bevan took the lead—the Cabinet endorsed Gaitskell's stand. The budget was duly introduced. The doctrine of collective responsibility of the Cabinet for Government policy—particularly for a budget—was apparently respected.

Revolt of the Left

Then came the thunderbolt. Bevan and the "Keep Left" group rebelled for the second time in two years, and on the same economic issue. After accepting

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both the rearmament program and its consequent budget in the Cabinet, Bevan threw both of them overboard. Twelve days after the budget message, he resigned his post as Minister of Health, causing a split in a Labour Party that was clinging to Parliamentary power by its eyelids.

Next Labour took the most perilous risk of all. In July Gaitskell was prevailed on to eat his budget words only three months after he had uttered them, and to rush up at a few hours' notice a haphazard and ineffectual scheme of dividend limitation to mollify the "Keep Left" wing; and to acquiesce, by implication, in a round of wage increases—the very thing he had warned against in April. So personal consumption in Britain was not to be cut; all government and private investment programs were to go ahead as usual; and so were rearmament and the extra export drive.

Morning After

Or were they? In August came the awakening to the grim, familiar peril. Britain's—and the sterling area's—trade deficits were mounting together. Could the pace of rearmament be slackened (the "Keep Left" nostrum)? Could some international raw-materials board shield Britain from perpetually rising import prices, perpetually adverse terms of trading? Could American military aid under NATO flow in fast enough? Could anything at all be done in the foreign field to save Labour's domestic programs? Dollar oil now had to be bought in lieu of Iranian, and Japan's, Germany's, and Italy's exports were rising fast. Unemployment in Britain had sunk to below one per cent (an all-time low), and the swelling demand for food and consumer goods was using up manpower and imported raw materials at the highest rate in ten years.

Facing the probability of a hard winter with coal inventories lower than they had been for years, with an already overloaded electricity grid, with the first unfavorable by-elections in the offing, and with all the public-opinion polls running against Labour, Attlee must have considered the lukewarm prospects for sharply increased aid from North America (where both Gaitskell and Herbert Morrison, his Chancellor of the Exchequer and Foreign Secretary, had sought immediate help for Britain) and decided—with his natural cool mind and utter lack of nerves—to run the risk of an election now, because the risks next year would be far greater. Let the Tories tackle the third economic crisis since the end of the war—if they got the votes!

The Floating Voter

The odds against another stalemate are long. The "floating" voter decides British elections. Last time, in 1950, he was bemused and bewildered. Last time, there were hundreds of Liberal candidates in marginal constituencies, who upset the normal two-party voting. This time, Liberal candidacies have been more than halved and Liberal sympathies in general are less with Labour.

Finally, Attlee, Gaitskell, and the Labour Party as a whole—with the solid support of the trade-unionists who pay eighty per cent of Labour's costs—have openly declared their intention to placate their own left wing, to shield all trade-unionists from any economic sacrifices (actually, unionists comprise only one in three of Britain's full-time workers), and to continue driving the old unimproved models of monolithic socialism and the welfare state over more than half of the nation's toes. This sort of preaching influences only convinced Socialists. In flat defiance of Herbert Morrison's counsel, as Labour's machine boss for years past, it amounts to abandoning Labour's 1945 claim that the party represents all progressive elements in Britain. The endorsement that Aneurin Bevan received at the October 2 party conference in Scarborough showed that Labour represents only socialism and wants more socialism.

Aneurin Bevan

The British floating voter may well decide, just as he did in 1945, not to vote *for* anything. He may well consider that Labour has had a fair six years' run, that the nation's prospects look bleaker than ever, and that it is time to vote *against* the party that has had the responsibility.

Challenge to Right and Left

That is the normal socio-political trend in Britain. It is likely this time to be reinforced by strange new factors. First, and in Labour's favor, the Tories have announced no policy either; and the mass of the British working people have more money to spend, more leisure, more ability to throw up a job, or a foreman, or a boss, than ever in history. But secondly, gratitude is no more a factor in elections than in international affairs. That was graphically demonstrated by Winston Churchill's defeat in 1945. The ominous new element today is that Britain—for the first time—is feeling what a real continental inflation is like, and where and whom it pinches.

This factor is annoying—infuriating, rather—whole classes and groups of older voters. It is also sapping away all incentives; because while the income-tax schedules remain fixed, as pay packets and salaries mount with the inflation so their recipients move into higher tax brackets and so never catch up with the soaring cost of living at all. Third and last, people get tired of going through an economic crisis every two years; these same bouts of austerity after a little better living; these same swings, booms, and busts—in a so-called planned economy. That very exhaustion, tinged by uncertainty, may lead the voting public to a desperate desire for change.

Mr. Attlee, liking his own left wing no better than Mr. Churchill and his Tories, has issued the challenge to both of them at once. Sensing the trend, Labour is moving to the left. It may not go very far that way if it wins, but it will keep going that way if it loses.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacoponi and the Colonel

The opening of the port of Leghorn to U.S. Army cargoes can teach our policymakers a lot about fighting Communism

CLAIRE NEIKIND

IT HAS BEEN over two months since the U.S. merchant ship *Extavia* docked at the northwestern Italian port of Livorno—known to British and Americans as Leghorn—and, without the slightest trouble, unloaded a cargo of arms. Since that time, American troops and supplies have been landing there regularly and uneventfully, en route to Austria and elsewhere. And so to all appearances a U.S. Army Logistical Command is now firmly based in the most aggressively Communist port in Italy.

The news has surprised almost everybody. The Italians, by and large, had taken it for granted that the workers of Leghorn would never tolerate an American base on their soil. Privately a number of Americans had thought so too—as the Communists had counted on them to do. Even the Livornese, who were on the spot, did not expect such an easy American victory. No one, after all, knew the possibilities better than they did; and after watching an unsophisticated U.S. colonel trying to outsmart a professional Communist boss, they were prepared for the worst.

Why Leghorn?

The colonel did not win by his wits, however. The Communists' front was shattered, not by ideological or tactical shrewdness, but because the longshoremen were hungry. The Leghorn affair represents an almost perfectly controlled experiment which has proven that since the Communist Party, in Italy as elsewhere, is built on an appeal to self-interest, the same laws that build it can break it. Few events in postwar Italy could be so instructive to the officials of ECA, the Voice of America, and the whole corps of men who have been trying to win Italian workers away from the Cominform.

Colonel Norman H. Vissering

The U.S. Army had been looking for a port in northern Italy since early spring. But both the American and Italian governments had approached the subject gingerly. As far as Communist control was concerned, one port was as bad as another. On the whole, Leghorn was probably the worst. The Italian Communist Party had been founded there in 1921. Leghorn had voted solidly Communist ever since the war, up to and including the local administrative elections of May, 1951, when two out of three Communist mayors in the north were defeated.

As for the harbor itself, of the 1,200 regular stevedores, 1,035 were in the Communists' labor federation, the CGIL, of whom nine hundred were enrolled in the Communist Party. The anti-Communist union, CISL, had only forty members.

There were several other disadvantages. The port facilities had been pretty badly mauled by bombing during the war, and also were at least four times too small. Moreover, the Livornese had odious memories of the Americans. By the time the U.S. Army left nearby Tombolo in 1947, its troops had established a record for absent-minded procreation, venereal disease, rape, desertion, black marketing, drunkenness, and general debauchery.

The Italian waterfronts are particularly good hunting grounds for the Communists. Having no responsibility for bringing work to the ports, they can blame unemployment on the Christian Democratic Government. On the other hand, they can frequently govern the distribution of whatever work there may be. Italian law requires that all work coming into any port must be distributed through nonpolitical organizations, called Compagnie Portuali, or Port Companies, which are chartered by the Ministry of the Mercantile Marine and to which all bona fide longshoremen must belong. The Communists control the Port Companies throughout the north. Therefore those longshoremen who cannot be induced to join the party on ideological grounds almost invariably find it advisable financially.

Why Not?

There was, however, one strong argument in Leghorn's favor; it was a dying town. After the war, it had dropped from third to seventh place among the country's ports. At least two-thirds of its longshoremen were idle, as were twenty-five thousand of the city's 160,000 inhabitants; and there was no prospect of a turn for the better.

It was with all this in mind that the Italian government recommended Leghorn for the new base. On principle, Rome was anxious to revive the port. Presumably, it also hoped that the promise of so much steady work could help the Americans get under the Communists' guard. An agreement was signed on June 28. A few days later a Transportation Corps colonel named

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman H. Vissering arrived in Leghorn to set up an American Logistical Command. The CGIL promptly announced a nation-wide longshoremen's strike.

The strike never came off, however. The local Communist leaders had run into a snag.

Enter Jacoponi

The man who ruled the Livornese longshoremen was a plump, rumpled, and affable gentleman called Vasco Jacoponi. Jacoponi was director of the local Port Company. He was also chairman of the regional CGIL, and a Communist Deputy in Parliament. In his nonpolitical moments he was on excellent terms with some of the city's prominent anti-Communists and a number of its leading merchants. It was even said that he had his hand in several thriving commercial enterprises. The Livornese admired him. He was not so naïve as to stray casually from the party line; neither was he so foolish as to take serious personal risks. He was a sensible man.

It was as a sensible man that he called on Colonel Vissering on July 17. The previous evening, Jacoponi had received a visit from a group of Communist stevedores. They did not like the strike call. They told him that if he did anything to prevent them from working for the Americans, they, along with several hundred hungry colleagues, would be knocking at his door each evening at dinnertime. It was not necessary to go further; the proximity of water several fathoms deep is an occupational hazard that any union port organizer keeps in mind. Having made their point, the stevedores assigned four of their number to remain at Jacoponi's side through the crisis. During his talk with the colonel, these four were waiting outside the door.

The interview was unexpectedly pleasant for both parties. The colonel is a handsome man, with silver hair, blue eyes, beautiful white teeth, and a simple and direct air. Jacoponi found him charming. The colonel said at once that he knew nothing about politics, and was concerned only with getting his cargoes unloaded. Jacoponi dwelt at some length on the splendid qualities of the Livornese longshoreman, and gave Vissering his personal guarantee for the security of American cargoes. The colonel, who had been warned that Jacoponi was a devil, was charmed too.

He was also relieved. The colonel's simplicity was not calculated. He had come to Leghorn as a technician, vaguely aware of the political problems that would face him, but without any plan to meet them. After his meeting with Jacoponi, he assumed he didn't need any.

The next morning, he announced that the Logistical Command planned to rebuild and enlarge the port, construct new roads, cold-storage warehouses, depots, and additional housing, and hire a large civilian staff. Only Livornese would be accepted for this work. That afternoon about three thousand people came to the colonel's headquarters to apply for jobs.

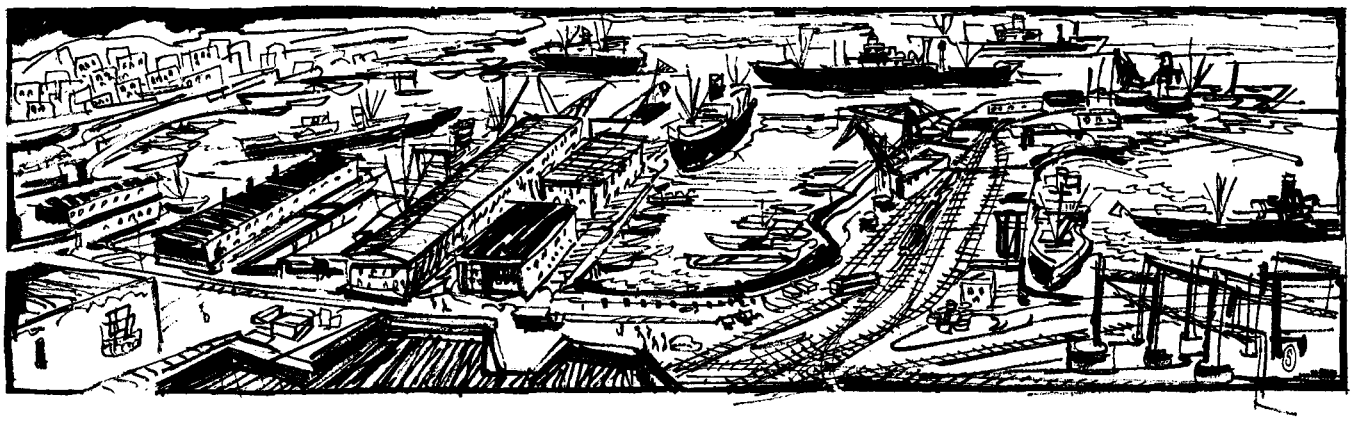
Jacoponi Gets the Word

But at midnight Jacoponi received a telephone call from Rome.

The following morning, the walls of Leghorn were covered with posters: WE WILL NEVER UNLOAD THE ARMS OF THE AMERICAN IMPERIALISTS! DOWN WITH THE WARMONGERS! WHO ASKED THEM HERE? DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH HAS CEDED OUR CITY TO THE FOREIGNERS! Jacoponi, speaking for the CGIL, declared to the press that the American base in Leghorn "offends the whole Italian people in their national dignity."

Over the next few days, the Communist press revived the call for a nation-wide longshoremen's strike. It reprinted, without dates, old photographs of vicious-looking American M.P.s standing amid wartime Leghorn's ruins. It called the colonel "Vissering-Kesselring." A black headline screamed: PISAN BEAUTY'S EYE IN DANGER; it turned out that four G.I.s, playing on the beach, had struck a girl with a softball. A letter from a Livornese war widow was published, edged in black. Her son, she said, was accidentally shot by American soldiers during the war, and she had been given a settlement of 3,200 lire (at the time about $14). Was this not a miserable sum? "Your misfortunes inspire respect," replied the editor. "There is . . . a certain Colonel Vissering, a compatriot of those who offered you 3,200 lire for your son . . . I will send your letter to the colonel. What do you say to this? We will wait and hope together . . ."

The Communist strategy in this period was evidently to frighten the Americans away, and to persuade the Livornese that their future prosperity —and very existence—depended on bringing this about. They called a conference of the Partisans' Committee for the Peace of the Port, bringing in heavy reinforcements from all over Tuscany to "concretize" this line. The conferees concluded that Leghorn was "being transformed into a tool and objective of war. . . . No industrialist will want to establish any industry in close proximity to a military base. . . . The military base will have priority on shipping, while other ships (*sic*) . . . will wait their turn. . . . Rentals will rise to the stars, and the cost of living, due to the . . . acquisitive Americans . . . will continuously rise."



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Partisans' Committee then solemnly affirmed its solidarity with the courageous Livornese port workers in their refusal to unload the Americans' arms. "The Mediterranean," Jacoponi assured the delegates in closing the conference, ". . . will remain a sea of peace."

The Colonel is Unimpressed

Colonel Vissering then took what most seasoned political observers considered an exceedingly rash step. Without even consulting ECA labor experts in Rome, he decided that if the Communist-controlled Port Company wouldn't give him workers—as now seemed self-evident—he would simply set up another organization to recruit his workers, though God alone knew from where. He warned the press that he would by-pass Jacoponi entirely, and set up an independent co-operative of volunteers called La Portuale. The CGIL thundered that this violated Italian law—which, in fact, it did. But the colonel, through the U.S. Ambassador in Rome, asked the Italian government for a special dispensation from the Mercantile Navigation Code, and got it. He could now have his co-operative; it remained only to find members for it.

On July 24, Vissering announced that he was breaking off all negotiations with Jacoponi, and henceforth would hire his workers through La Portuale. "I was very much surprised to read the CGIL statement of July 19," he told the press aggrievedly. "On July 17, I had a [most cordial] meeting with Mr. Jacoponi . . . and I gathered the workers associated with the CGIL would cooperate with the Logistical Command, and were pleased with the additional employment . . . Successful business relations cannot exist when one party engages in recriminations against the other . . . In view of the statement issued by the CGIL, I have found it necessary to . . . make other arrangements for handling our cargo."

The colonel was perhaps acting with more valor than discretion, since his "other arrangements" at the time consisted of ten applicants for the new co-operative. The Communist press, however, was beside itself with rage. "No remedial action is possible for the dastardly deed that has been done," reported the local Communist paper, *La Gazzetta*. "Evidently Italy is for the

colonel a colony, a subject state. He has been . . . confusing a syndical organization such as the [CGIL] with a labor organization controlled by the Ministry of the Mercantile Marine . . . It was in his position as director of the Port Company that Jacoponi conferred . . . with [Vissering]. *Where in all this does the CGIL come in?* Perhaps only Colonel Vissering can see the connection, special subversive type that he is."

La Gazzetta also had a few spiteful words for the feckless Livornese who had dared to give the colonel advice. "The American Command," it said, ". . . has acquired contact with the low human elements such as lawyers with no scruples or clients, businessmen who have failed, warehousemen without warehouses, pimps, etc., who are all adept in the art of adulation and prostitution . . . in line with their own self-interest . . . Frankly, we are sorry for the American colonel . . ."

Poker—an Old Army Game

Behind this mechanical propaganda there was a genuine howl of pain. The Communists did not know how many stevedores the colonel had recruited, and they suspected wrongly that it was a good many. Unfortunately the Americans were behaving unexpectedly well. Of the four hundred picked troops stationed in the area, not one had scratched the police blotter. The Logistical Command had promised to spend two million dollars improving the city's facilities. In its first six weeks it had already spent some $70,000, causing a flurry of commercial prosperity but no inflation. Rent prices were fixed, and additional co-operative housing units about to go up. Everybody but the port workers, it seemed, was benefiting from the dreaded invasion. And now it appeared that the port workers might not only get in on the benefits, but at the same time slip out of Jacoponi's control.

Now, as before, Jacoponi behaved like a sensible man. New posters went up over the old: THE WORK OF OUR PORT BELONGS TO THE LIVORNESE! ALL LOADINGS AND UNLOADINGS IN THE HANDS OF THE PORT COMPANY! LONG LIVE PEACE!

"The [port] workers reaffirm their wish to prohibit the interference of foreigners in the affairs of the port . . ." *La Gazzetta* reported, " . . . oppose their maneuver for taking work away from and threatening the livelihood of 1,200 Livornese families. In addition, [they] once again express their firm decision to fight for peace."

Jacoponi made an appeal to reason. Speaking before a mass meeting of longshoremen, he pointed out that Vissering's new co-operative could only "cause confusion." The Port Company, he went on, was composed of workers of all political tendencies, and had never issued any resolution for or against the establishment of an American base. The port workers, he declared, were "not only ready to unload American cargoes, but offer every guarantee of security that could be asked."

The colonel did not jump at this offer—leading many people to believe that he had still other cards up his sleeve. Actually, he was rather bewildered; he was unaccustomed to the Communist habit of shifting a line without warning or apology. He could only suspect that Jacoponi, too, had some cards in reserve.

At this juncture, on Saturday, August 11, the *Extavia* arrived. By now, the colonel had mustered some twenty regular stevedores into his independent co-operative; and these, with the aid of an equal number of casual laborers, unloaded the first arms cargo undisturbed. Several hundred of Jacoponi's longshoremen were looking on. Before the ship docked, they staged a half-hearted strike, not against her unloading, but to assert their right to unload her. Jacoponi quickly called the strike off. He was not quick enough, however, to escape the notice of the satirical journal *Candido*, which next day commented: "They threaten to strike because they wish to work for the [U.S.A. Logistical Command] at any price. . . . Brother Jacoponi has attempted to induce the representatives of the Command to employ Commu-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nist workers; and because he was not successful, he has invited all the workers of Tuscany to demonstrate against the arrogant foreign officials who will not allow the port workers of the CGIL to collaborate with the American Base. Hence, the cry is no longer: 'Leghorn Has Been Ceded to the American Imperialists!' but 'Bread for the Poor Workers!' "

Jacoponi, still attended by the four watchful and presumably impatient stevedores, was by now markedly less affable than usual. He went into a long conference with the provincial prefect of police to propose a peace settlement: La Portuale would be abolished. Instead, the Port Company would set up a special section for the Logistical Command, for which stevedores would be selected "who had the confidence of both the local authorities and the American Command." Those admitted to the section would elect their own director, who was to be entirely independent of the Port Company, except for financial matters. Jacoponi was particularly anxious about the financial matters: It was popularly assumed in Leghorn that a good share of money flowing into the Port Company had been finding its way to the Communist Party.

The prefect was also a reasonable man. He had no affection for the Communists. On the other hand, he too had recently had a visit, this one from a certain Cesare Fremura, agent of a large shipping company and one of the city's most influential businessmen. Fremura had once been a prominent Fascist, but he too was a peace-loving man. He was now on friendly terms with Jacoponi, and it was even rumored that he had given the Communists a sizable contribution to remain on their good side. In any case, he wanted no more trouble. He had advised the prefect to find some *modus vivendi* between Jacoponi and Colonel Vissering.

On August 14, a draft agreement embodying Jacoponi's proposals was signed by the prefect, Jacoponi, and the president of the local Chamber of Commerce, and commended to the colonel's attention.

The Kibitzers

The colonel was inclined to accept the offer. By now, however, he was under heavy pressure from another source. The anti-Communist union, CISL, had become unexpectedly influential in Leghorn almost overnight, and with the Communists now on their knees, its leaders saw excellent possibilities for breaking up the CGIL's stevedore section altogether. This was not only a local question. If it proved possible to sidetrack a Communist-controlled Port Company in one place, it could be done in others. Through all the ports of Italy, the longshoremen were watching.

The colonel finally compromised. He would not disband La Portuale, but would use it for recruiting nonstevedore labor for the other work of the American base—with the implication that it would be a useful reserve if Jacoponi tried to act up later. The special section was accepted by the colonel, provided it also had full control over all budgetary matters. The workers admitted to the new section would be thoroughly screened by the prefect's office, so that, clearly, few Communists who remained Communists would get past the door. Those workers who were admitted must pledge to stage no political strikes; and the section's director would be an official of the CISL.

Too late, Jacoponi tried to bargain. With something of his old air of authority, he stormed into the prefect's office, threatening bloodshed and violence. "There will be no bloodshed," replied the prefect, "and no violence." He appealed to the local police chief, who scolded him for being childish. "Be a good boy and sign," he told Jacoponi, "and bless the prefect for being so indulgent." Jacoponi signed, and by the end of August there was official peace in Leghorn.

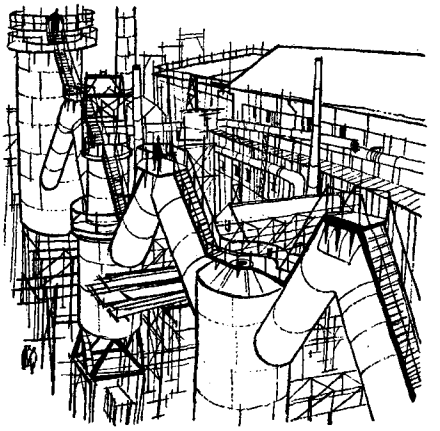
Whose Aces?

It is generally assumed that the Americans won, and certainly they are now operating freely in the port. Some people think, however, that this is a somewhat naïve assumption. The European Communists, for example, have been running schools of sabotage in France and Italy for some time; and sabotage on the waterfront is not necessarily a mass activity. While any Livornese longshoremen seeking work with the Americans will be subject to meticulous police scrutiny, the presence of nine hundred Communists in the port makes it almost mathematically certain that a few can slip by.

There are those who say that Jacoponi, as a trained party professional, had this in mind when he signed the peace pact with such apparent docility. The same people also suggest that Jacoponi has not lost face as permanently as the optimists would like to believe. They point out that, in spite of everything, Jacoponi is still head of the Port Company, boss of the local CGIL, and a Deputy in Parliament; his formal status of authority remains intact. It is only a matter of time, they say, before he manages to convince the Livornese longshoremen that their new prosperity was wrested, by Communist pressure, from an unwilling and reactionary government, and that it was he, the resourceful Jacoponi, who brought the Americans to Leghorn after all.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Productivity For the West?



THEODORE H. WHITE

FIFTY YEARS AGO an American worker produced roughly the same amount in his day's toil as his British, German, or French cousin across the Atlantic. But so explosive has been the burst of American industrial skill since then that an American worker in coal, food, clothes, steel, automobiles, or any other machine-influenced industry will produce from two to eight times as fruitfully in a day as a European.

The experience has flooded the American worker's output and all our national life to a level which, when described in Europe, seems part myth and part dream. Eight hours' work by an American buys roughly twelve dozen eggs for his family; eight hours' work by a Frenchman buys three dozen.

In hot pursuit of the mystery that has made of America and Europe two almost different worlds, the United States has settled on the word "productivity" as the clue to its solution. Productivity is simply the measure of the fruitfulness of any worker with the tools and under the direction society gives him.

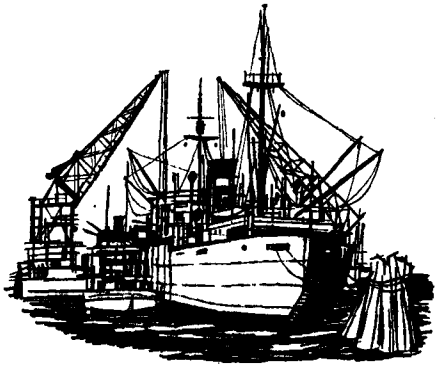
When all the individuals who work in the hives of modern industry are clustered together statistically, the impact of American productivity becomes staggering. Last year, for example, half a million American coal miners dug more coal than all of western Europe's two million. The gross product of western European nations last year came to $135 billion worth of goods and services. But if European productivity were as high as American productivity, western Europe would have produced between $450 and $500 billion worth of goods and services.

It is this last figure that has captured the imagination of American statesmen in Europe this fall. It offers a magic to rescue them from the hideous nightmare in which the Marshall Plan seems to be ending.

In its first year, with $5 billion to spend, the Marshall Plan was a vast relief agency shipping food, coal, petroleum, and raw materials to meet the emergency of chaos. In its second and third years, with $6 billion more, it concentrated on re-equipping basic European industries and urging the European states to continental unity. Slowly, while this was going on, the sickly tissue of European life healed, fragile skin growing over open wounds, the infections of Communism and cynicism slightly receding. Now, in its last year, perhaps chopped to about a billion dollars for civilian aid, the Marshall Plan has become a minor appendage to another, more urgent American policy: rearmament.

Rearmament and Inflation

But rearmament is fantastically expensive—it demands that wheat fields be converted to airbases, reapportions sulphur from fertilizers to explosives, robs steel from homes to make weapons, diverts manpower, coal, and metal. Most of all, it is paid for in inflation; already the frightening, faceless progress of inflation has begun to sicken every government, home, and housewife in the democratic countries of Europe. For the Marshall Planners, the increase in cynicism or despair that inflation has brought threatens to wipe out the solid political gains won in their three-year struggle.



Rearmament, say the policymakers, can be paid for only by more privation or more production. But if Europe, which produced $135 billion worth of goods last year, could somehow work with the same skill and efficiency as America, this total could be tripled, could pay for arms and leave enough over to meet the happiest dreams of the ordinary citizens. Even if it is impossible to lift Europe to America's level of productivity overnight, they ask, why can't some progress be made? Why can't Europe close one-third of the gap between itself and America in the next two or three years, making, say, another $100 billion worth of goods with superior skill?

Addressing itself to this question, the Economic Cooperation Administration this year has launched a much-publicized Productivity Drive. American engineers and technicians will be sent to analyze and reorganize Europe's laggard factories, European nations will be urged to set up National Productivity Boards, and the effort to make Europe's diligent workers fruitful will be given the Marshall Planners' highest priority.

Factory Diagnosis

One of the most difficult exercises in human understanding is to walk into a strange factory, look at it, hear the clanging sounds of labor, and then judge its efficiency. Unless the plant is incredibly obsolete and fantastically mismanaged, almost every engineer will say: "You can't tell just by looking what the trouble is."

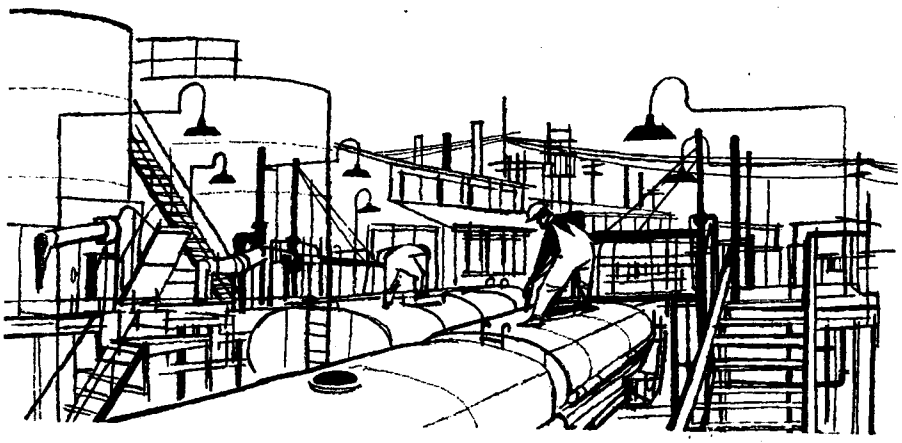
Last year I accompanied a great

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American engineer, who directs the largest malleable-iron foundry of the Eastern Seaboard, on a visit to one of France's finest similar foundries, in the Ardennes. We examined the product, breaking open the sample rods, rubbing them for their grains of carbon. Excellent, said the American. We walked through the plant. The tempo was fast, the men sped with their flasks of shimmering white molten iron from taphole to molds. The feel, said the American, was first-class. The equipment, with one or two minor exceptions, was excellently employed. But when the American asked for the production per man per day, the output in the French plant turned out to be less than half what he got in his American plant.

A complementary tale arises from the experience of the technical-assistance missions that have been going back and forth between America and Marshall Plan Europe for the past two years. By now six or seven hundred of these missions from Marshall Plan countries, representing scores of industries, have made the voyage to study our skills. They come back gripped and fascinated by what they have seen. Some of them have become apostles of American plant layout—that, they say, is the secret. Others say the secret lies in materials handling—the fork lifts, traveling cranes, and internal rails of American factories. Others say the secret lies in the great number of power hand tools the American worker has at his bench; in motion study; in the vast domestic market; in the stupendous equipment investment; in the canteens, rest rooms, and factory basketball teams; or in Muzak.

So many of these teams have come back reporting so many secrets that the French have a name for them. They are the "*N'y a que's,*" the name coming from their overworked phrase "*Il n'y a qu'installer ...*" (We need only install...). Actually, Frenchman, Britons, Germans, and Italians are now beginning to realize that although all these individual things are important, no one of them is the secret of production. The technical devices reported upon are already known to the best British, French, German, or Italian engineers. Some of them were, in fact, invented by Europeans. The best of the European plants are already using and applying, in splendid loneliness, many devices and tricks we think of as typically American. But the technique is not generalized and spread over the vast battery of national production as it is in America. The secret lies in what makes Americans do these things, what makes them constantly seek better ways of producing, more efficient layouts.

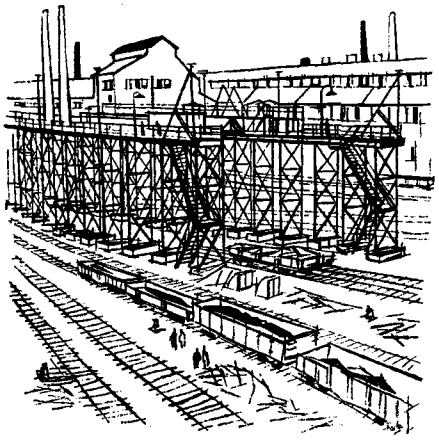


The Why

Since the best European engineers are already familiar with American practice, the root question remains: Why haven't the Europeans applied this practice long since? And what can the Marshall Plan do about it now?

In the long debate on the subject since the Marshall Plan began, a number of answers have been advanced so frequently that they have become clichés. Some of them are lamentably false, others tragically true. Among the most important are these:

That America enjoys the advantage of a mass market; thus the opportunity for mass production, great efficiency, productivity. This answer, except for a few heavy industries, is perhaps more impressive than convincing. France, Britain, Italy, and West Germany all



have domestic markets of between forty and fifty million people. These are huge markets—few American manufacturers produce from one plant the needs of a greater number of people than that.

Another reason given is the native inferiority of European labor. This is less valid than the first reason. American workers come of the same racial stock as European workers, and as Americans they produce magnificently. Again, in France, when incorporated in American industrial enterprises, they can sometimes outstrip American workers. An American who manages one of the largest systems of branch factories that an American corporation has set up abroad told me that in his French foundry he gets the same tonnage of castings per man-day as his parent concern, with a smaller rate of imperfections. European labor is as industrious, skillful, and adaptable as American. It is simply misused.

A more important reason is advanced by philosophers. The genius of Americans, they say, is that they were smart enough to know where to stop migrating. They sit on the world's best coal seams and the world's finest high-grade iron ore, linked by the world's best inland waterways. They also inhabit the world's best cotton fields, the best wheat fields, the best fruit belts, the most productive oil fields, and so on.

This is undeniably true, and American productivity will always be higher so long as American coal miners hack in five-foot seams and Mesabi ore is scooped up by steam shovels. This is an *x* factor given by Providence to America—but it does not explain all the gap. It does not explain why, for example, the Europeans never installed

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their continent a single continuous-strip steel mill until the Marshall Plan made them a gift of four such mills.

Another reason is similarly vital. The divergence in the past half century, some Europeans explain, comes from the fact that the two most disastrous wars in history rolled over Europe in a generation to wreck its plant, divert its resources, and cripple its people. That the wars have held Europe back is undeniable—but there are some facts that won't fit. England, for example, was never invaded, and most of its plants were not wrecked. Why did not England make the progress America did?

Here then are reasons, some good, some false, for Europe's backwardness. Yet none satisfy completely, none help the Marshall Planners today as they launch their great Productivity Drive.

The Use of Labor

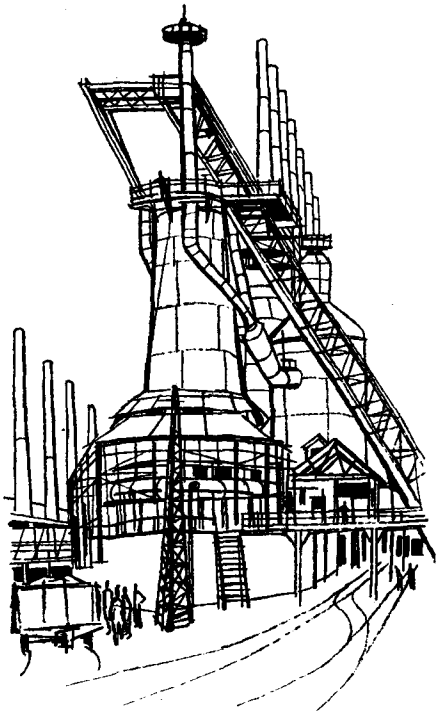
The best answer this correspondent has found for this infinitely complex mystery is that of social climate. American businessmen who come to Europe to work, to observe, or to advise sense the difference immediately.

Two things strike them. The first is cartels. No competition, they say; deadwood everywhere. "They've got these businesses loaded up with counts and marquises and government officials, all wrapped around with controls and restrictions so you can't shake them out." The second thing is the use of labor. "We could never get away with wasting labor the way the Europeans do. We'd go bankrupt."

It is amusing, listening to them, to realize that what they find most cramping in European industry was wiped out in America by two revolutionary waves of reform shoved down the throats of the American business community in the past half century. The first Roosevelt trust-busting revolution of the early 1900's created obstacles to the formation of cartels in American industrial life, forcing, or at least preserving, the competition that has goaded American producers to greater efficiency. The Franklin D. Roosevelt revolution forged a labor movement so powerful, so expensive, and so responsible that labor generally has become the element of production that must be used with the greatest delicacy, skill, and respect. As if in corroboration, businessmen on the Marshall Plan staff say that the greatest spurt in productivity in Europe since the war has been in Britain because the British have strong, free labor unions.

Cartels: the Dead Hand

The paralysis that a cartel spreads over a country may be examined anywhere. A four-hour drive through the green, rolling hills of Lorraine will take you through the heart of French steel industry—eighty per cent of all France's steel is produced in the Moselle Valley. The newest plants there date from before 1914; the oldest, around Longwy, are museum pieces. The explanation is simple. All French steel is cartelized by the famous Comptoir des Produits Sidérurgiques. The Comptoir fixes prices for all French steel—at a level sufficient to keep the most obsolete plants in business. It assigns orders so that a manufacturer buying steel may be told that his order will be filled not by the plant of his choice but by another. The price umbrella shelters all—the brilliant producers and the antique. Such master cartels are surrounded by feudatories. About the Comptoir in steel are crouched the cartels of the foundrymen, the galvanized-iron makers, the barbed-wire producers. Cartels ensnare all life. The meat wholesalers of Paris, the medicine and drug makers, the radio and tube men are cartelized. The true cost to the nation is not the prices the cartels charge but the ossified industrial structure they preserve, sheltering producers from the goad of competition and the pressure to produce better, quicker, more efficiently.



If the two revolutions in American society have made the American businessman the skillful manager he is, honed to a fine edge between competition and inflexibly high labor costs, they have preserved in America a third critical element in the social climate that Europe lacks. This element, for want of a better word, can be called the political climate of investment.

An industrial community is a living, breathing thing consisting of much more than the multiplication of its wage earners and their wage rates. It is a rhythm of work, a healthiness of feeling, a sense of respect. In Europe, except for Britain and Scandinavia, the industrial countries have polarized into surly workers, frequently Communist-led, and harsh, suspicious, greedy employers. Over every businessman hang the threats of expropriation, nationalization, riot, and sabotage. Iniquitous tax systems by which the rich continuously dodge their burden have fostered inflation, endemic now for a generation, at every national crisis. Investment capital consequently does not exist in American terms, so that the modernization, re-equipment, and expansion of obsolete plants cannot take place except on terms which bankers set at impossible rates. American plants find capital for expansion at between two and four per cent. European plants must beseech bankers or governments for medium-term loans at rates that prefigure social turbulence and the continuing depreciation of money. European industrial loans come higher than American loans—enough to make any investment in mechanical processes a considerable risk.

Too Late for Change?

To create the healthy social climate in which productivity flourishes—competition, labor co-operation, investment—requires the kind of revolutions that were forced on American business fifty and fifteen years ago. What are the chances of such revolutions?

They might have been possible in the days when we were giving away between four and five billion dollars a year and our leverage on European nations was stupendous.

But in its early years, when the Mar-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall Plan was law for Europe's trembling governments, the plan was too timid to tackle Europe's social problems. The plan accepted each nation's social structure and braced it and strengthened it. Thus the great new continuous-strip steel mill which the Marshall Plan is shipping to French Lorraine will be owned by members of the steel cartel, with the de Wendels the largest shareholders. American equipment and industrial aid were given by the Marshall Plan to designees of the French government. But these designees were selected for the French government by the industry *groupements* who passed on individual applications for aid in their industry. In other words, each French cartel whacked up American industrial aid among its members.

About two-thirds of France's cotton for the first two Marshall Plan years came from America, most of it on Marshall Plan funds. The biggest textile producer in France, Marcel Boussac, depended on it; yet Boussac's labor relations are among the most savage and old-fashioned in a country of savage labor relations and Communist unions. Our leverage was never used to force up the French textile industry's labor standards.

At one time staff officers of the Marshall Plan suggested that all American aid to private industry be tied with certain strings: that recipients pledge themselves to specific productivity improvements, that they agree not to be party to collusive price-fixing agreements, that certain minimum labor standards be observed. The idea was

pigeonholed as interference in foreign governments.

The Final Push

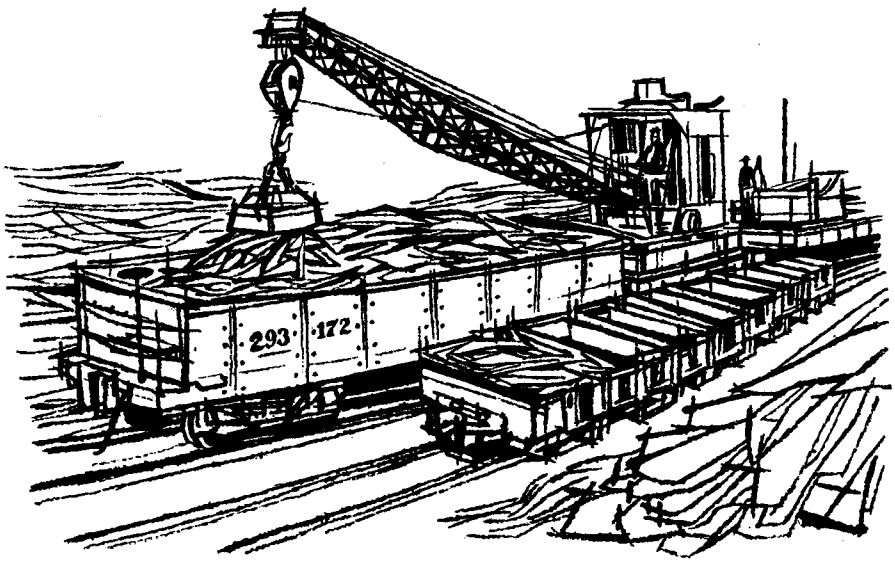
This year's Productivity Drive on the part of ECA, its final flourish before departure from the scene of history, was born of the arms crisis and the need for expanding Europe's production lest its living standards be irreparably wrecked.

This year the Marshall Plan will set aside an estimated $20 million and use an estimated $50 million in counterpart currencies to finance its productivity program. Each Marshall Plan mission chief will urge the country he surveys to establish a National Productivity Board composed of businessmen, engineers, government officials, or whatever group seems best adapted to that country. Thereafter any plant wishing to lift its productivity to the American level will be able to request its National Board for American engineering aid.

When the Marshall Plan and the National Productivity Board alike decide that a European plant seeking aid is a worthy claimant, the wheels will start to turn. In America, key businessmen, engineers, and plant technicians are being readied as roving trouble shooters. They will be assigned as teams to specific plants for three or four months, to redesign layouts, analyze labor use, and suggest what devices of American practice can be installed. If necessary, the Marshall Plan may use the $50 million in local currencies to find new equipment for the experimental plant or pay the difference between the European credit rates for expansion and whatever Americans consider feasible commercial rates.

For its part, the firm receiving such aid must meet certain conditions. First, it must really apply the lessons brought and produce more. Then it must engage itself to deal fairly and equitably with the labor union of its plant. (A bad candidate, for example, is the Italian industrialist who has just requested productivity aid from the Marshall Plan because he figures that with American methods and machines he can fire five hundred of his eight hundred plant employees.) The plant may possibly be required, as an anti-inflation device, to agree that if enormous savings result from American techniques, some of these savings shall be passed along to the consumer.

No one can judge how great or small will be the success of the productivity experiment now being launched. Certainly it is among the best-intentioned and most laudable of Marshall Plan projects. But American productivity did not grow out of any explicit decision of the American people. The American engineers who come to Europe this fall can explain the technical course we traced; but though they sow the technical seeds for future growth, they cannot create the climate to make the seeds grow. It might have been done three years ago, when the Marshall Plan was launched, and this is admitted now at Paris headquarters. But as Paul Porter, the new chief of the Marshall Plan in Europe, said in announcing the Productivity Drive, "Better late than never."



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News Rhode Island Can't Get

The Providence Journal's *efforts to open Pawtucket tax files are vital to the battle against increasing secrecy in government*

ALLEN RAYMOND

A SMALL-CITY political brawl in Rhode Island bids fair presently to make legal history in American journalism before the Supreme Court of the United States. For the past four years the quarrel has taken the form of a lawsuit brought by the rich and powerful Providence *Journal* against a former mayor of Pawtucket, Ambrose P. McCoy, and eight other officials of that city.

The administration of Pawtucket has been in the hands of the Democrats since the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. Before that the city was usually Republican. The Providence *Journal,* founded as a weekly in 1812, has been a conservative though often lively voice in New England since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Today it is independent—that is, it does not hesitate to criticize either party.

The vital issue, as brought into court, is the right of the *Journal,* as a newspaper and a corporate taxpayer in Pawtucket (on the basis of its bureau there), and of one of its reporters, resident in Pawtucket, as a voter and a taxpayer, to inspect the tax-abatement records of that municipality. Both the newspaper, which is managed by a tough-minded editor named Sevellon Brown, and the reporter, Joseph A. Kelly, maintain that these are public records, not confidential ones, and that therefore they are legally entitled to access to them for publication, under the Constitutional rights of a free press. But denied access to the records they were—on New Year's Eve, 1947—and they started suit to get at them. The

records, still denied them, were later handed to a competitor, the Pawtucket *Times.* The *Journal* is still suing.

The Pawtucket Background

There are several very peculiar things about this lawsuit. One is that a leading defendant, ex-Mayor McCoy, has been defeated for re-election since the suit was brought, and that his successor, an independent Democrat named McCarthy, agrees with the contentions of the Providence *Journal.* Nevertheless, the suit is still being defended by counsel for the city at the behest of the City Council, which is "regular" Democratic by a two-thirds majority and is capable of overriding any veto of the newly elected mayor.

The council, under the leadership of the city's Democratic boss, James A. Donovan, stripped the new mayor of most of his powers of office the night before he assumed it. He has no control whatever over the police department, for instance, and even he as mayor has been unable to see some of the financial records of the city, such as its payrolls, which he alleged in his campaign were padded.

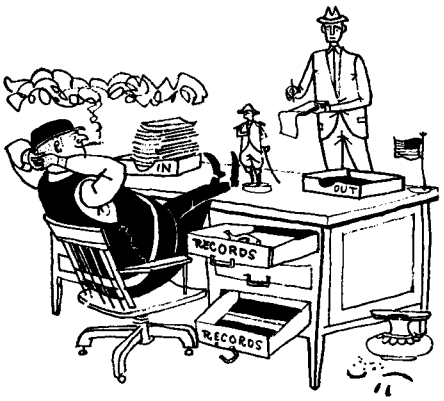
To get the full background of this case, it is well to know that within Pawtucket lies much of the great Narragansett race track, by which many state and local officials in Rhode Island are employed in part-time jobs. It is well also to know that Pawtucket has been called the center of organized gambling in New England; that the city holds more than one hundred bookie joints, running wide open continually; and that neither the mayor nor any other official in Pawtucket is paid more than $4,500 a year. The city's police raid the bookie parlors occasionally, and report their inability to find sufficient evidence of gambling to warrant prosecution.

It is well to know also that while the horse parlors flourish, the city of Pawtucket is alleged by its critics to be bankrupt, so that last July, when all taxes for a year had been collected, it was necessary to start borrowing from next year's taxes to meet current bills. Nobody outside the inner Democratic Party ring in Pawtucket knows how much money, if any, is still in the city treasury.

The first independent audit of the city's books in years is now being made by the state auditor at the behest of Governor Dennis J. Roberts of Rhode Island, a Democrat. The League of Women Voters and a newly organized Citizens' League are now campaigning for a change in the charter, hoping in that way to effect some reforms.

The *Journal* had been a persistent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



critic of the city administration. It continually carped at the record of Thomas P. McCoy, who was Democratic boss and mayor from 1936 until his death in 1945, and continued to find fault with the record of his brother Ambrose, who was mayor from 1945 to 1950.

During these years the *Journal* disclosed widespread voting frauds in Pawtucket, resulting in more than a hundred indictments, which were quashed and never brought to trial. Its stories of the gambling industry were sufficiently detailed and lurid to render it liable to many thousands of dollars in libel suits had the veracity of the stories been disputed.

The *Journal's* rival, the Pawtucket *Times,* is Republican, and has told pretty much the same stories about the administration without shaking the Democratic machine's grip at the polls.

The machine has naturally been troubled by all this newspaper talk. For a time it tried to run its own newspaper, but that failed. For a time it tried barring reporters from City Hall, but that failed also. The reporters always seemed to come up with information found elsewhere—some of it most unpalatable.

'Who—and How Much?'

Therefore, on the night of December 31, 1947, when Joseph A. Kelly, chief of the *Journal's* Pawtucket bureau, attended a meeting of the board of aldermen, the last for the year, he was entitled to be a little suspicious of what was going on there. The Democratic aldermen were also entitled to be a little suspicious of Kelly. Personally friendly as they might be, as neighbors and fellow citizens, they were on opposite sides of a political fence.

Kelly noted from the agenda of the meeting that a resolution for the abatement of taxes was to be voted, and that these taxes amounted to $89,377.12. The resolution would be read by title only, and no names of persons who were getting their taxes reduced would be mentioned, nor would the amounts in detail.

This was nothing unusual. Almost every year, abatement of taxes had been granted to citizens of Pawtucket who had protested that their assessments were too high. Most of the individual reductions had been trifling, but here and there they were known to be sizable. To Kelly, as a reporter, there were just two important questions about that tax-abatement matter: Who were getting their taxes reduced and by how much?

Facts like that would be news of interest to everybody in Pawtucket. They would be particularly interesting if the abatements were large for persons or interests involved in the political life of the city, but they would be interesting in any case, since Pawtucket itself is small enough for a great many of its people to know each other.

So after the meeting Kelly went up to James M. Donovan, city clerk and Democratic Party boss, and asked him whether he could see the text of the resolution holding the names of the persons favored, and the amounts.

"See me tomorrow," said Donovan.

He was reminded that the morrow would be the New Year's holiday, when city offices would be closed, and when Donovan, a sociable politician, certainly would be busy elsewhere.

"Then see me the next day," said Donovan.

Reporters for the *Journal*—either Kelly, or Tom Forbes, his assistant, or some other—called on Donovan, and the mayor, and the board of tax assessors, and others who presumably might have access to the tax-abatement resolution on January 2, and on January 5, 6, 7, and 9. There was a meeting of the board of aldermen on January 7, at which Kelly and another reporter asked Donovan for the abatement list, and were told it was locked in the vault at City Hall.

"When will it be available?" asked Kelly.

"It'll be available when I'm available," answered Donovan.

Just for the record, Kelly personally made two more attempts to see Donovan on January 12, at his office, and was told that the boss was too busy to see him. He also asked a member of the board of tax assessors, James J. Garvey, if he could see the list and was told he couldn't. This series of rebuffs, duly reported to the *Journal's* state editor, Harold A. Kirby, was quite sufficient for the *Journal.*

The matter was taken by the managing editor, David Patten, up to Brown, the editor and publisher. Brown decided to bring legal proceedings to see whether the records could be made public by court order. A joint letter was written by the *Journal's* lawyers, on behalf of the newspaper company, Brown, and Kelly.

The letter was addressed to Mayor Ambrose P. McCoy; to Donovan as city clerk; to Mary McGaughey, the deputy who handles most of the details of the city clerk's office; to three members of the board of tax assessors; to the city treasurer; and to the two Democratic leaders of the board of aldermen and the common council.

The City Council in Pawtucket, it should be noted, is composed of six aldermen, of whom four are Democrats, and twelve common councilmen, of whom eight are Democrats. As long as the two-thirds majority sticks together, under the leadership of its party chairman, Donovan, its rule over the city is absolute—barring intervention by the governor or the courts.

Release to the *Times*

In attempting to get at the facts of tax abatement by this little ring of Democratic politicians, backed by good, solid majorities of the voters of Pawtucket, the Providence *Journal* sued everybody who might conceivably be said to share in the custody of the records it sought to examine and to print.

The newspaper's letter to the nine demanded that either Kelly or another reporter of the Providence *Journal* be

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permitted to examine not merely the tax-abatement records of 1947 but those of 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, and 1946. The letters were delivered by the hands of *Journal* reporters at the homes of all the officials.

The Machine Speaks

The answer of the Democratic machine in Pawtucket to the *Journal's* legal onslaught came on the night of January 21, 1948, at a meeting of the board of aldermen, at which Mayor McCoy announced that he had just handed the tax-abatement list to the Pawtucket *Times*, thereby making certain that the public would see what was in it. He had done this, he said, because the Providence *Journal* was making an issue of the matter, and the city administration had nothing to hide.

Then he proceeded to assail the *Journal*. This newspaper, he said, had for years been an unfair critic of the Pawtucket city administration. It had been so unfair that he recently had written to the Federal Communications Commission asking that the paper be denied the right to run a radio station. After he had written that letter, he said, he was told that the *Journal* would do everything possible to besmirch his reputation. He did not say by whom he was told this.

"I say that no corporation can threaten the city of Pawtucket!" he shouted. "They have threatened us for the past fifteen years. This time we will fight it out to the last ditch."

The mayor was followed by a Councilman Magill. "The Providence *Journal* for years," he said, "has vented its spleen on the Democratic administration of Pawtucket. It is now trying to raise this tax abatement issue for the lack of a better one.

"The *Journal* and the Republican Party are synonymous," he argued. "As long as there is a fighting Democrat left in Pawtucket we will fight the Providence *Journal*."

Then, at Mayor McCoy's behest, the City Council adopted an ordinance providing that "no city officer, agent or employee shall permit any person to examine any tax abatement record or any copy thereof, nor shall any officer, official, agent or employee disclose the contents of any such record to any person, unless such person has permission of the city council to examine such record."

The *Times* printed the tax-abatement records and the *Journal* reprinted them with credit to the *Times*. The *Journal* thus was scooped on a story its own reporter had originally attempted to unearth. Oddly enough, the 1947 records disclosed nothing shocking or even very sensational. However, the lists for earlier years still were withheld.

Litigation Begins

There was an immediate outcry in Pawtucket against the council's new ordinance, and not by any newspaper. The outcry was raised by lawyers, who found that their work of examining titles and other matters pertaining to real estate was to be impeded by the ordinance. The City Council therefore adopted a new rule, providing that certain persons needing to see the records to sustain legal actions might examine them—but not for publication without the City Council's assent.

Thereat the fight between the *Journal* and the city administration of Pawtucket moved over to the courts of Rhode Island. On February 7, 1948, the *Journal's* suit was brought in the state Superior Court. Counsel for the city objected on twenty legal grounds to the suit's being heard. According to them, the newspaper was making an improper demand upon the wrong persons to meet that demand even if the demand were proper. The judge overruled the city's contention and ordered the case set for trial.

The city appealed to the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island, on which a majority are Democrats. It upheld the city's contention that the newspaper's petition had been improperly drawn. The *Journal* altered the petition to conform to the Supreme Court's ruling. It brought suit before another judge in Superior Court, who found the petition valid enough to order trial. The city appealed again, on different grounds of technical legality. Again the state Supreme Court found that the *Journal's* suit had been improperly started.

Rather than go back through the state courts once more, the *Journal* took its suit over to the Federal District Court in Providence, and brought it before Judge John P. Hartigan, even though Judge Hartigan had been a Democrat—and a prominent Democratic politician, at that—before his appointment to the bench. Judge Hartigan started hearing evidence on June 12, 1950, and on June 20 handed down a decision in favor of the *Journal*.

He found that the tax-abatement records of the city of Pawtucket were rightfully public records as the *Journal* had contended, and that therefore they should be open for public inspection. He found also that when the Pawtucket city authorities gave the list to the *Times* to publish and denied it to the *Journal*, they capriciously and arbitrarily deprived the *Journal* of that equal protection of the laws to which all citizens are entitled.

Judge Hartigan found further that the ordinances adopted by the Pawtucket City Council, which in effect barred *Journal* reporters from access to the records, were "as an integral whole designed to violate the plaintiff's constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, and that therefore they were unconstitutional and adverse to civil liberty."

He enjoined the defendants from interfering any longer with the *Journal* or its reporters. The city immediately appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston. Because of the crowded state of the calendar, more than a year was required to bring a decision in that court. But on July 17, 1951, the Circuit Court of Appeals upheld Judge Hartigan's decision that the *Journal* had been denied the equal protection of the laws, in view of the city's handing of the tax-abatement record to the Pawtucket *Times*. The court did not rule on whether the freedom of the press was involved, as Judge Hartigan had.

Immediately after that decision, counsel for the city of Pawtucket obtained the stay of a writ which would

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have given the *Journal* formal access to the records it sought, and announced that they would carry the matter to the United States Supreme Court. That is where the *Journal's* search for information stands today.

The Law and the Issue

Thanks to the lawyers for both sides, the Supreme Court will have plenty of conflicting legal opinion laid before it if it ever decides to consider the case. In briefs filed before the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston, lawyers for the *Journal* cited thirty-nine legal decisions, two amendments to the U.S. Constitution, ten sections of the U.S. Judicial Code as Amended, five sections of the public laws of Rhode Island, and three textbooks on law and the legal rights of the press to show that the *Journal* was legally entitled to look at those records. Lawyers for the city cited decisions in ninety-four legal cases, seven statutes of Rhode Island and one of Massachusetts, five Federal statutes, and two legal textbooks to show that the newspaper didn't have a legal leg to stand on.

To newspapermen, of course, the whole case will be a reminder that freedom of the press, to whatever degree it may exist in this or any other country, is a right that has to be fought for continually against those who seek to restrict it, and that governmental restrictions on information of public interest certainly can prevent any free press from exercising its function as a check upon government—that function for which it obtained its Constitutional guarantee.

It may occur to the layman outside the press that if the influential Providence *Journal* cannot get at a "public record" in four years of expensive fighting, the average citizen would stand little chance indeed against a bureaucrat who chose to deny him his rights.

According to the best legal opinion available to the newspaper editors of the United States, the right of the citizen to take a look at those records of his government which are presumably public is so beclouded with doubt as to be unenforceable without long and expensive litigation. To this extent, American citizens and taxpayers have long since lost control of those local and national governments which are said on every Fourth of July to be the servants of the people and not their masters.

Pasadena—Phase II

The hard-fought ouster of Willard Goslin only began the struggle for a city's schools

FRED M. HECHINGER

WILLARD E. GOSLIN, a nationally prominent educator who had been the president of the American Association of School Administrators, was forced to resign last November from his position as superintendent of schools in Pasadena, California. The story of how an organization known as the School Development Council brought about Goslin's downfall was told in David Hulburd's *This Happened in Pasadena.* Since the publication of Hulburd's widely reviewed book, educational problems have continued to beset the citizens of Pasadena.

Last May, for instance, the campaign preceding a school-board election brought up once again much of the bitterness that had attended Goslin's departure. A few days before the election, telephones started ringing. Somebody (unidentified), said the callers, had just come from the local FBI agent's office and there, by chance, had seen a dossier on Mrs. Mildred W. Cranston, a candidate for one of the two vacant posts on the school board. Although Mrs. Cranston had lived in Pasadena only about two years, she was well known as an active churchwoman, as a leader in the Y.W.C.A., and as the wife of an educator. In the election she enjoyed the strong and open support of the Committee on Public Education, an organization made up of citizens ranging in political complexion from conservative Republcans to Jimmy Roosevelt Democrats. Mrs. Cranston was also known to have been a supporter of Goslin.

When news of the telephone campaign reached the committee, a member called on the FBI agent and asked whether there was any truth to the rumor. The agent bluntly said that although the bureau cannot issue official denials of rumors, if unofficial visitors were able to see dossiers on individuals, he would not be working for the FBI much longer. Committee members did some counter-telephoning of their own.

The tactics of Mrs. Cranston's anonymous opponents were reminiscent of the methods used against Goslin. The School Development Council, which deservedly claimed the credit for the ouster, boasted that it spoke for an outraged citizenry. When the council's success began to attract na-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional attention, members and sympathizers charged their critics with undemocratic motives and with wanting to interfere with a parent's democratic right to have a say in the education of his children.

Rebuffs for the Council

On June 1, 1951, Mrs. Cranston carried seventy-seven out of eighty precincts—in spite of the telephone campaign, the outspoken opposition of the School Development Council, and the handicap of being an "outsider."

The School Development Council suffered other setbacks. Dr. Ray E. Untereiner, professor of economics at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, was also a candidate for the school board. He is regarded as pretty conservative in his economic views and is admired for his personal integrity; the term "Yankee fairness" is frequently used to describe his attitude.

Dr. Untereiner ran for the board with the support of both the School Development Council and the rival Committee on Public Education, but a few days before the election he put this ad in the local papers: "This is a paid Political Advertisement. I am paying for it myself. Please do not vote for me in the mistaken belief that I subscribe to the whole platform of the School Development Council. . . . That is the Council's program, not mine. I never saw it before; never approved of it, and disagree with much of it." Dr. Untereiner carried every precinct.

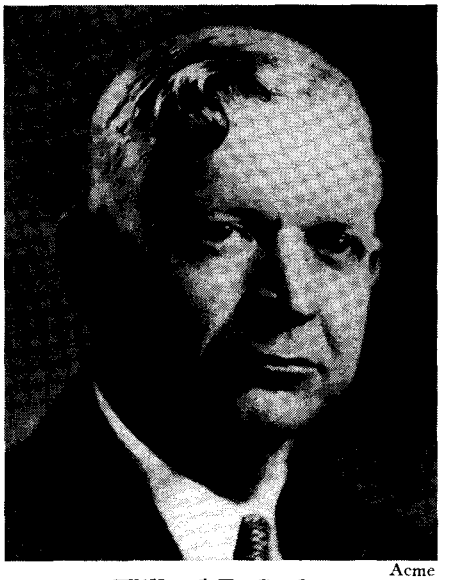
Another incident involved the school-board member who had been most vocal in his opposition to Goslin and who has been generally regarded as the only person on the board whose views coincide almost exactly with those of the council. Lawrence C. Lamb, a mortician, had been acting vice-president of the board. A few weeks after the election a new president and vice-president had to be chosen, and it was a foregone conclusion that Lamb would get one of these posts.

Just about that time Lamb addressed the Sons of the American Revolution in what he termed "a trustee's report to his constituents." He followed closely the council's line, accusing the supporters of the Goslin administration and their defenders elsewhere of attempting to invade the domain of church and home, as well as of something he called "socialization of the child." He went a step further: He hinted that there existed a "blueprint for the nationalization of our schools," and that Goslin may have been slated to be the first czar of U.S. education. Pasadena, he surmised darkly, "may have fired the heir-apparent."

Lamb was not given the presidency of the school board, and despite or because of his "trustee's report," he was not even chosen vice-president.

Campaign of Fear

An appraisal of the Pasadena situation made by a member of the Committee on Public Education is in many ways relevant to the conflicts in public education now going on all over the country. "There are many educational problems which we could argue out with the School Development Council," he said, "and it is quite possible that jointly we might arrive at better solutions. But there is basic and irreconcilable disagreement on some of the methods used against us." These methods include the spreading of rumors, systematic exploitation of justified fears, and catering to disgruntled parents and teachers. The great majority of council members and followers would be horrified to know that such methods are used—most of them are pleasant, civil, and fundamentally fair-minded people—but in spite of that they repeat the rumors, spread them further, and thereby intensify their own fears.



Acme

Willard E. Goslin

What are those fears? The most persistently repeated one is that the schools are aiming at the "socialization of the child," and that youngsters are being given an education for "a new social order." It has again and again been asserted that this is the aim of "progressive" educators. Serious professional talk about the education of "the whole child" has been misconstrued and then cited to prove that "socialization" is actually under way. Educating the whole child, this interpretation runs, means that the school wants to take the youngsters away from other influences, mainly home and church. What the phrase actually means to educators is simply that with the advent, through psychology, of a greater understanding of human behavior and reactions, teaching is no longer simply a matter of pouring facts into the child's mind; a human being, even a school child, must be treated as a complex entity of body, mind, and soul at all times. Good teachers have undoubtedly practiced

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that kind of education through the ages.

The fear that the schools may be teaching for "a new social order" is far more difficult to allay. But an educational system whose administrators were motivated mainly by fear of change would be necessarily limited in its approach. Discussion in class (not advocacy) of public housing, fair employment practices legislation, or social security would mark a teacher as undesirable or worse. Mention of the United Nations and of the history of other countries, if not omitted altogether, would have to be postponed until American history had been thoroughly and completely taught. It is difficult to understand how the history of any one country could be taught intelligently without consideration of the contemporary historical forces in other regions; but one of the most regularly repeated rumors in Pasadena concerns an unidentified teacher in an unidentified school who, so the story goes, talked about Russia before he had finished teaching about the United States.

Censorship of Textbooks

This sort of approach to education inevitably tends to involve the censorship of books. In a recent check of some of the texts or library books used in the junior colleges within the Pasadena school system, the School Development Council objected to the use of Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry* because it "contained many Communist front writers such as Langston Hughes whose poems in that book are unfit for print, lewd and anti-Christian. . . ." Another text, *The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution,* which was specially prepared at Amherst College for the study of American institutions, has been opposed because it "takes the same approach . . . Charles A. Beard did in his early days. . . ." Dr. Hortense Powdermaker's *Probing Our Prejudices* was opposed simply because it had been sponsored by the Bureau of Intercultural Education, of which former superintendent Goslin was a member. The council never openly charged Goslin with any semblance of disloyalty, but I heard one member of the business community remark sadly, "I thought Goslin was a charming man and I liked him a great deal. But when I found out that he was a close friend of Senator [Hubert] Humphrey's I knew that we'd better watch out."

Eis, Zwei . . .

The School Development Council's educational theories are forthright. It demands that "drill and repetition" make up "the bulk of classroom activity." It would outlaw any core program which combines different subjects into one division, particularly in the social sciences. Although such grouping, which stresses a rounded understanding of a subject, has been adopted in some of the best independent schools and at several of the leading colleges, council opinion is that it leads to "collectivism." Actually, of course, nothing could possibly be more apt to produce stereotyped mass patterns than the authoritarian method of "drill and repetition." It also tends to produce an unquestioning, "safe" mind which will always be satisfied to accept matters as they are said to be.

The need for more money to pay for the public schools raised the intitial outcry in Pasadena—as it has elsewhere—and that is understandable. Since California law provides that the schools shall get their funds from taxation on real estate, a case can be made for the complaint that the wealthier elements of the community have to bear a disproportionate burden.

In Pasadena this grievance is aggravated by another fact: Some twenty years ago an almost completely homogeneous and very wealthy community —even today Pasadena ranks fifth in per capita income among the two hundred largest American cities—decided that it would devise the best school system its money could buy. It did well. Pasadena became an educational showcase, studied and envied across the nation. Very few of its children were sent to private schools, even though a high percentage of parents could easily have afforded them.

In the past two decades, however, the town has changed, expanded, lost its homogeneous character. The magnificently conceived school system has to be financed for expanded public use. "Our community used to be like a mixture of chemicals that blended well and seemed potable," a prominent member of the council told me. "Now it has a funny smell."

The council violently opposes Pasadena's human-relations workshops, presumably designed to avoid tensions caused by ignorance and intolerance. Council spokesmen have held that such courses "stir up racial problems" which would not really exist if people were not made to think about them. Goslin's forced resignation may be at least partly attributed to his program for a rezoning of school districts which would have tended to break down racial barriers.

The Battle Lines Form

The issues are complex in Pasadena, but one seems fundamental. A leading citizen, who is known as a conservative Republican, admitted frankly that he got into the school battle—in opposition to the School Development Council—because he learned for the first time what the basic views of some of his

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends actually were, and he was "shocked." At the moment the wheel seems to have turned full circle in Pasadena.

But the main battle has only opened: Under a grant from the board of education a giant survey of every aspect of the educational system has been more than half completed. About a thousand citizens are participating. Expert consultants, headed by Dr. Clyde M. Hill, former chairman of the Yale Graduate School's department of education, act as advisers. All the people will be taken into the confidence of the survey before the final reports are offered early next year.

Whether or not the council will eventually accept the findings of the survey—in which it is taking part—is still doubtful. It has a perfect right to voice its convictions provided that it speaks above ground.

On July 15 the Pasadena *Star-News* carried a personal announcement, signed by five citizens who identified themselves as "original Council incorporators and/or directors of the Board of SDC." The notice said:

"We, the undersigned, hereby publicly state that we no longer are members of, are active in, or are in any way associated with the Pasadena School Development Council.

"Our action has become necessary because we are convinced that the Council no longer represents those parents mainly concerned with improving the educational standards and results in Pasadena's public school system. The Council no longer fits our definition of a democratic, non-partisan organization dedicated to local efforts to solve local public school problems.

"Our attempts to moderate and to hold the Council to a middle of the road course failed. . . . Action was more on political lines. . . . Thus, fearing future extreme actions and statements by extremists in the Council, we have no alternative but to make this public resignation. . . ."

The battle may not yet be over, but its lines are more clearly defined. In the future it is less likely that men in Pasadena will be exposed to twilight attack, alone and separated from the community. In retrospect it may turn out that an action which involved the defeat of a school administration has been turned into a public lesson in democratic government.

Eire Settles Down

Partition plays less of a role in politics; practical problems may well replace it

NORMAN MacKENZIE

Costello and de Valera

A FEW WEEKS ago I was sitting on the quay at Galway, talking to a teacher from a small village school some twenty miles round the bay. We had been discussing the history of Ireland, and he had described the scenes in this harbor after the great potato famine, when the hungry peasants had come down out of the Connaught hills and sailed away as emigrants to the New World. He was more than skeptical when I tried to convince him that there have been and still are many people in England who are ashamed of their country's grim and sorry record in Ireland. He would have none of it. "Not at all," he said, speaking with the lilting precision of a man to whom the Gaelic comes more naturally than English. "You are ashamed of the past because you failed. Our history is not a tragedy to you. It is an incomprehensible farce. It is a farce because you find us comically different from you, because we have different values. It is incomprehensible because you expect us to behave rationally and we behave emotionally. Now, for instance, you will go back to London and make me a figure of fun among your friends. You will tell them of this queer fellow who has traveled round the world, who reads your London books, your magazines, and your papers, and yet has settled down in a Gaeltacht village of thirteen houses to dream about Irish poetry and teach the Gaelic to thirty barefoot children."

My friend was unusually cynical and sensitive. Yet in Cork or Limerick or Drogheda, much the same argument springs out of even a casual conversation. I have sat in the Pearl Bar in Dublin (which serves a similar social purpose to the cafés of St.-Germain in Paris), the victim of the good-natured and hospitable nagging of a group of Irish writers, journalists, and civil servants.

"Our enemies we know," said one of them, "but save us from the good intentions of our friends. You come here and express your sympathy for Ireland's wrongs. We believe you are sincere. You tell us that, in principle, you disapprove of Partition. Again we believe you. But we know that in five minutes you will be presuming upon your friendship to tell us what we should do, to call us romantics because we insist that so long as Partition remains, Ireland must be neutral; that so long as Britain keeps Ireland divided, maintains foreign troops on Irish soil, and upholds a minority government in Ulster, Ireland is being treated as an inferior and not an equal. Yet, until you understand how we feel, you cannot understand Irish history. You are really no closer to us, for all your friendship, than the Ulster Tory who

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinks us a collection of lazy Catholic peasants."

It is tempting to answer this argument by replying that the taste for neutrality goes deeper than most Irishmen will admit. While Partition exists, it provides a simple excuse; were it to be abolished, the case for Irish neutrality would have to be argued on its own merits. Yet, as the argument veered, this same group was willing to concede that contemporary Ireland is in an anomalous position: "Not the Playboy but the Neutral of the Western World," as one of them put it, "although, in the cold war, we are not ideologically neutral but sharply partisan." After all, a clear majority of Eire's three million people are confessing Catholics, and its Church hierarchy is militantly anti-Communist. Eire is bound to the United States by ties of blood and sentiment, it receives ECA aid, and it has taken an active part in the Council of Europe. There are but few Communists, who live a hole-in-the-corner existence under the pseudonym of the Irish Workers League and run a small bookshop in Dublin where the usual run of Communist and Marxist pamphlets can be bought.

There is, indeed, a partisan neutrality, and it is different from that which kept the Twenty-Six Counties out of the last war. Then, the Irish say, it was impossible for de Valera openly to assist Britain, even though the denial of Irish bases to Allied convoys and naval and air patrols gave the U-boat packs an advantage in the critical middle of the Atlantic and in the sea approaches to Britain. Today, the reasons for neutrality are different. If the U.S.S.R. is the opponent in view, there is no such division of opinion in Eire as there was in 1939, when a section of the Republican movement was pro-German, when memories of British military suppression were still fresh in the minds of men, such as de Valera, who had rebelled against it to become rulers themselves, and when there was still much of the open pro-fascist sentiment which had led to the departure of an Irish volunteer force to fight for Franco in the Spanish Civil War.

No Arms, No Armor

"Put it this way," said an Irishman who had commanded a tank unit in the British Army during the war. "We cannot defend our own territory. Our army is a farce, our air force a circus, our arms are inadequate and obsolete. For all practical purposes, we might as well disband our military units. The only kind of war we can fight in Ireland, with our own resources, is a guerrilla campaign, and, in my opinion, our successes in 1920 have made us glamourize their military value. Guerrilla operations against modern weapons and aircraft are a different matter from the skirmishes in the Troubles. Ireland is a poor and mainly agricultural country. It has no heavy industry. Its resources are too scanty to maintain a modern army of its own, even if we received our heavy weapons, transport, and munitions as gifts from abroad."

This means, of course, that the Irish must ultimately depend for their defense upon outside help. Even for normal air defense, let alone land operations, they must shelter behind Britain, as they did, in effect, from 1939 to 1945. If the Germans had landed during the war, it would have been the British, not the ill-armed Irish militia, who would have had the task of repelling them. Eire, a long way off the coastline of Europe, could be neutral because it was protected, and because the Germans would not attack it without cause. Irish neutrality, which deprived the Allies of vital bases and offered the Nazis a useful listening post in their Dublin Ministry, was worth more to Berlin than futile air attacks or an unsuccessful invasion.

The British knew this, and they resented it. But the price of intervention in Ireland, even when the convoy sinkings were at their worst, seemed greater than the price of caution. Today, the refusal of Eire to join the Atlantic pact causes similar misgivings in Whitehall, and must cause much the same worries in Pentagon departments where air bases and supply ports are discussed. It is no use, the military planners argue, for the Irish to decide that they want to come in when it is too late to do any good. The Irish should realize that, in insisting on neutrality for nationalist reasons, they are gambling both their own security and the security of the British Isles as a whole on the hope that they will be protected whether they do anything about it or not, because Britain and the United States cannot afford not to protect them. Their attitude toward the Atlantic pact, a British politician said to me recently, is like that of the factory worker who wants to enjoy the fruits of collective bargaining without belonging to the union and paying dues.

The Mystique of Neutrality

But when, in argument, you press an Irishman, you will be given two other reasons for neutrality. The first is psychological. Eire, like Sweden and Switzerland, was one of the few countries in Europe that benefited from the last war. True, there were hardships, notably the desperate shortages of coal, petroleum, and the industrial goods normally imported from Britain, Germany, and France. But there was no physical damage, no ruined economy, no critical lack of essential foods. Eire, in fact, became a creditor nation, with funds in hand for a considerable program of capital investment. It is this sense that Eire remained aloof from the history of those decisive six years that makes such a sharp impression on the British visitor. When you talk to people, you suddenly notice that they lived *uninterrupted* lives, that

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they do not date their memories by such things as the month they were drafted, or the time a raid destroyed their home, or by a dozen such landmarks as are familiar to every British family. Neutrality became normal in wartime, and now they are psychologically conditioned to it.

The second reason springs from the passionate insistence upon Irish nationhood, the sense of being a small country which, to be itself, must be different from its neighbors. It is hard to put one's finger on this sense, but it is there in every discussion of religion, of Irish culture, of social values. And such a sense is a powerful impetus to neutrality, if not to neutralism, which are different things in Eire. Wars, in the past, were England's wars. And so the Irishman, like the French Canadian, instinctively suspects that war will swamp the little island of national self-consciousness he has built for himself. It is one thing to volunteer to fight in a war, as both Irishmen and French Canadians did in great numbers, or to have war thrust upon you; it is a different matter, when you are in this frame of mind, coolly to commit yourself in advance.

Union With the North?

Such motives are not easily expressed. But they can easily be rationalized into assertions that if only Irish unity were restored, Ireland would happily enter mutual defense arrangements. The crux is whether any Irishman seriously expects Partition to be abolished or, for that matter, whether some of the most ardent nationalists would really like to see it abolished. It is true that there are many undemocratic features about the politics of Northern Ireland; that election boundaries are as gerrymanded in Derry as in Essex County, Massachusetts; and that a Tory Protestant régime in Ulster has a vested interest in maintaining this state of affairs, whatever the political or strategic arguments may be for Irish unity.

But, on this question, as my friend in Galway City said, the Irish are emotional and not rational. There is no prospect that Britain will agree to end Partition without the consent of Ulster, and Ulster will not give that consent until the crack of doom, if the issue is presented simply as its merger into a Catholic, peasant, and nonindustrial country. On the other hand, an important section of Irish opinion, whatever it says for the record and for domestic political purposes, has no real desire to merge with Northern Ireland. The new manufacturing class, protected by the tariff wall that de Valera built, has much to lose should those tariffs be abolished. This class may support "Dev's" Fianna Fail, the most ardently nationalist party, and finance anti-Partition propaganda; but the aim is not to end Partition but to keep nationalist sentiment alive in the Irish Republic.

For no one can doubt that it has been the preoccupation of the Irish with their national problems that has prevented the emergence of a sharp division in Eire on social lines, just as the same situation made Poles first of all Polish nationalists and only secondly sensitive to social divisions and conflicts. Irish political parties—the main ones are the Fine Gael and the Fianna Fail—are much more similar in their "all-class" composition to the Democratic and the Republican than they are to the class-divided British parties. In the nature of its economy, its social structure, and the political problems facing it, Eire should *a priori* be a social-democratic country, like Denmark or Sweden. But social welfare has so far had to take a back seat to nationalism.

Dawn of the Twentieth Century

There are signs that a change may be coming. In the Irish election earlier this year, nationalist issues played much less of a part than in the past; since the coalition Government led by John A. Costello had declared Eire a republic, it was hard for the old-guard Republicans led by de Valera to rouse the electorate by beating the drum and wearing the green. In the election, moreover, greater attention was paid to social issues, and particularly to the Mother and Child Health Scheme—partly modeled on Britain's National Health Service—which had been the cause of the dispute which broke up the coalition and precipitated the general election. It is too soon to look for a realignment of Irish parties into conservative and liberal groupings. But the old feuds that sprang from the independence struggle and the civil war that followed are dying with the men who fought them with bomb and rifle, and new issues are taking their place. If the Irish Republic learns to live with Ulster, and profits by a working collaboration on practical problems of transport, fuel and power, fisheries, social services, and labor legislation, the road may open to a functional federalism that will sidestep the bitter dispute about Partition.

The question is whether Eire will be given the time to work out its salvation or whether its head will remain buried in the sand too long. It is comparatively prosperous: The visitors pour over from Britain to spend as much as they please in shops that know neither austerity nor purchase taxes. If there is no war, Eire may catch up with our century. But if there is war, John Bull's Other Island will have to depend once again upon John Bull. And this is the one fact of life that few Irishmen, certainly few Irish politicians, care to face.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strange Case Of Dean Hewlett Johnson

LOUIS BALDWIN

TALL, SPARE, erect at seventy-seven, dressed in gaiters, apron, and Prince Albert coat, and looking altogether like George Washington, the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson is a striking figure. As the "Red Dean" of Canterbury Cathedral, he has undoubtedly done more than any other clergyman outside Russia to make Soviet Communism seem both respectable and sweetly reasonable. He has remained out of the party, he says, because he is "more useful to the cause" outside than he would be as a member. This noble isolation, however, has not stopped him from following the party line, even during the trying period after the Nazi-Soviet pact.

In addition to his speeches, lectures, broadcasts, magazine articles, pamphlets, and labors on the editorial board of the London *Daily Worker*, the dean has laid three books on the Bolshevik altar. By-products of his trips to the U.S.S.R., they provide their readers with an extraordinary hodgepodge of travelogue and propaganda seasoned with personalities. Reviewers, receiving them with something less than enthusiasm, have pointed to their superficiality, naïveté, poor logic, and lack of documentation. One reviewer remarked that Johnson's *Soviet Russia Since the War* would "appeal to the kind of people who like this kind of book," and another entitled his review of *The Soviet Power* "Gullible's Travels." Undiscouraged, Dean Johnson is now fabricating a new book on what he calls "the new republics from Poland to Bulgaria."

For a man required by church law to reside at Canterbury at least eight months in every year, the spry churchman certainly gets around. "I never know," remarked his archbishop recently, "whether the Dean of Canterbury is at home or oversea." The Johnsonian junkets have covered three continents, and have included congenial sessions with Stalin, Molotov, Tito, Paul Robeson, Henry Wallace, and William Howard Melish. The last named, as chairman of the religious committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, accompanied Johnson on much of his trip through the United States in 1945.

'Spokesman'

In those days of hopeful cordiality between Washington and Moscow, Johnson was sumptuously feted in the capital and later had pleasant interviews with, among others, President Truman, the late Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City, and Lord and Lady Halifax. To all this flattering attention Johnson reacted with a touch of the persecution complex so prevalent among Communists. "Two years ago," he said to Melish, "these men would not have come to see me, nor permitted me to come to them, but the cause which I represent has now won so many adherents throughout the world that they can no longer ignore me, who am its spokesman."

Twice in his travels Johnson has suffered rebuffs. In 1929 his application to enter Russia was curtly refused by the Soviet government with no explanation. In 1948 he was denied permission by the State Department to enter the United States on the ground that his visit was to be sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, which by that time was on the Attorney-General's list of subversive organizations. To this latter refusal he objected vigorously. Though permission was granted when another group offered to sponsor his lecture tour, he felt definitely slighted. " We always give Americans a cordial welcome to Canterbury Cathedral," he said, "but the Dean of the Cathedral is not to be welcomed in the United States." On the 1929 Russian refusal he is still silent.

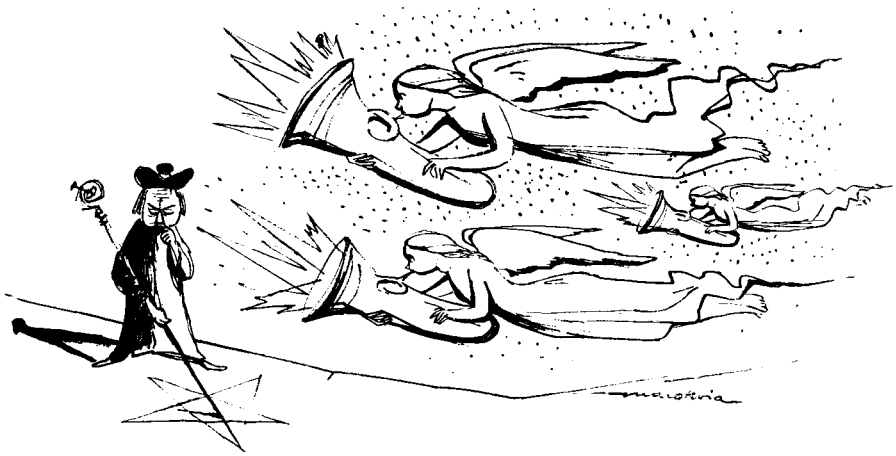
No Martyr He

A man like this requires some explanation. First of all, it is worth noting that, whether or not the opinions Dean Johnson expresses are sincere convictions, he does not hold them in spite of great obstacles or dangers. He is by no means a martyr, nor has he impoverished himself for the cause. He has enjoyed financial independence during almost all of his adult life—working for his father in a successful business, for a nobleman in a wealthy parish, and, since 1924, for the King in jobs held by royal appointment (as Dean of Manchester and, for the last twenty years, of Canterbury).

His appointment by the head of the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

church, of course, makes him virtually irremovable, especially since he seems to run the cathedral competently. Though he has been a severe pain in England's ecclesiastical neck for longer than the Archbishop of Canterbury cares to remember, he is almost completely protected by law: Only if he is convicted of a felony may the archbishop remove him; otherwise he can be rooted out only by an Act of Parliament, a deliberative body with a few other things on its mind.



Pajamas and Titles

In the past fifteen years Dean Johnson has crossed swords publicly with the Dean of Chichester, five resident Canons of Canterbury Cathedral, the Bishop of Gibraltar, two Canadian bishops, and two Archbishops of Canterbury. Such publicity stunts as inviting women to attend church services in their beach pajamas (so that the chore of dressing up would not deter them from going) have earned him no great love or respect among his fellow clergymen. He has been a very special cross to the Archbishops of Canterbury.

A particular difficulty lies, of course, in the similarity of titles: the Dean of Canterbury is often mistaken for the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the fact that Johnson resembled the late Archbishop Lang in appearance did nothing to sharpen the distinction. (The present Archbishop Fisher is more fortunate in this respect.) During the Spanish Civil War, for instance, a fascist general broadcast a statement attacking the Archbishop of Canterbury for his pro-Loyalist activities in Spain. The harassed archbishop, who had been in England all the time quietly minding his own business, patiently explained to the general and to the world that the noise they heard over there was not he but his wandering dean. In 1947, when a translation of one of Johnson's books was published in Czechoslovakia with the dean listed on the title page as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the entire first edition was distributed before the mistake was "discovered."

Though Johnson is evidently about as popular among British churchmen as a lynx in a rabbit warren, his great popularity elsewhere offers his ego a suitable counterbalance.

When, in 1917, the Bolsheviks began to put their program into operation, Johnson had been an ordained minister for twelve years. To anyone else in his position—he was vicar of St. Margaret's parish in the wealthy suburb of Altrincham—the Communists' militant atheism might have been permanently discouraging, but before very long he came up with a pat solution, which he still offers to anyone who will listen (including Stalin, during one of the dean's tours through the U.S.S.R.). What a man *professes,* says Johnson, is not important; it's what a man *does* that really counts; the Russians' actions prove that they are the only real Christians left in the world, and we in the West are whited sepulchres of hypocrisy. "We profess Christianity," he once told a meeting of the Russia Today Society, "but in Russia they practice it." (When he intimated this in the Kremlin, Stalin simply smiled.)

How can any man, presumably rational, reach such conclusions? The answer may be almost as simple as the man. He reaches them emotionally and then selects evidence to support them. The bibliography at the end of Johnson's *The Soviet Power,* for example, is very revealing, for the authors he consulted range from Stalinist to left of Center. In the same section he gives much credit to the "extremely valuable literature which daily pours out of Russia itself . . ."—including the Russian newspaper *Izvestia,* to which he dutifully subscribes.

To whom did he go for information on religion in Russia? To the heads of the churches that remain—Orthodox, Baptist, Jewish, Moslem—puppets who hold their posts by permission of the Politburo. He found a remark of Alexei, Patriarch of All Russia, particularly inspiring. "Communism," said Alexei blandly to the wide-eyed Johnson, "aside from its materialistic and atheistic theories, is quite acceptable to the orthodox."

Johnson also happily found himself able to report that Josef Stalin, his eyes twinkling and mustache vibrating cordially, had spoken to him as follows: "The church has seen how patriotic the State is, and the State has seen how patriotic the church is." (The capitals are Johnson's.)

Revolt Against Misery

What G. K. Chesterton once said of Bernard Shaw may also be true of Johnson: that he has a big heart, though not in the right place. It cannot be denied that he has a soft heart, whatever may be said of his head. At the turn of the century, when he was twenty-six, the human misery caused by English industrialism was widespread and shocking. Johnson emerged from a sheltered boyhood and youth—and was shocked. He discovered that families were trying to live on seventeen shillings a week, that millions of British children were suffering from malnutrition, and that about half of the adult population were underfed. Then, he says, his conscience began to bother him: "What right had I, or any other Christian, to live in comfort, as I had done nearly all of my life, and as my class did continually, while others suffered constant economic hardship?"

During a brief period as a factory worker, Johnson came under the influence of two young proselytizing Socialists who worked on lathes beside him. His middle-class philosophy, such as it was, crumpled under the impact of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this double-flanking operation, and soon he began to see the light. A few years later, under the spell of Clifford Douglas and the Social Credit movement, he was carrying a torch.

Another important influence, Darwinian evolution, provided him with a theory of human development that fitted nicely with the socialism he found so attractive. Borrowing heavily from a Cambridge biochemist, Joseph Needham, Johnson reasoned that since biological organization had reached its zenith in man and could go no further, progress had to switch to a higher level, the social. The rest was simple—since a society's progress must be measured in terms of organization, and since the socialist totalitarian state is the most thoroughly organized form of society known today, it follows that, in Dean Johnson's weird pseudo-scientific system of cockeyed logic, it is the most advanced kind of society and therefore the best kind.

'Going Along'

As a youth Johnson studied engineering at Victoria University and in 1898 was elected an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineering for a thesis on hydraulic engineering. This background seems to have left him with not only a professional interest in buildings, dams, subways, and the like, but also a peculiar susceptibility to such material progress as the Soviets have been able to achieve. He apparently suffers from the same disease that afflicted the reactionaries who supported Mussolini because he made Italian trains run on time. In the late 1920's, as Dean of Manchester, Johnson wrote no less than three long letters to the *Times* of London singing the praises of smokeless fuel. And in 1940 the ornate Moscow subway stations sent him into ecstasies that other more conservative churchmen might have reserved for the gates of heaven.

Johnson would probably be a practicing engineer today if he had not read a book—the story of Alexander Mackay, a famed British "missionary engineer" who brought considerable light to darkest Africa in the nineteenth century. Johnson and his first wife were so moved by it that they applied to a missionary society for work in Africa. The society required a degree in theology; Johnson promptly entered Oxford and four years later emerged with

the degree, only to discover that it did not meet the society's peculiar theological requirements.

When a man has spent four years getting something, he naturally wants to put it to some use. In 1905, frustrated in several attempts to become a lay missionary, Johnson was ordained, and was assigned as curate to the parish of St. Margaret's, Altrincham.

In 1905 he also founded *The Interpreter,* a theological journal. His nineteen years of intimate contact with this periodical, a model of abstruse, ivory-tower religious pedantry, may well have been a major factor in developing his thesis that Christianity has isolated itself from problems of human welfare. The religion that he now professes Johnson has defined simply as "going along with the trend of the world."

A Trained Imbalance of Mind

A man who is obsessed with a panacea for the world's ills very often erects a mental block that effectively shuts out all evidence except that which supports his proposition. Completely credulous in one area, he can become pathologically skeptical in every other. Karl Marx, in his *Introduction to a Critique of the Hegelian Philosophy of Right,* wrote in unmistakable black and white that religion "is the opium of the people"; Lenin repeated the aphorism —for example, in his 1905 article, "Socialism and Religion"; and after the October Revolution in 1917, it was engraved for posterity on the walls of the Moscow City Hall. More important, it is not an isolated statement, but a moderate expression of a central, perhaps *the* central, doctrine in the Communist ideology. Yet in 1948 on his visit to the United States, when he was asked by a reporter to explain the sentence, Johnson replied, "It was not Marx and it was not Lenin, but a canon of the Church of England, that made that utterance."

One who denies reality to this extent finds it easy to know only what he wants to know, especially if he has a trained mind. In discussing personal liberty in Britain, Johnson is careful to draw a theological distinction between "formal" and real freedom. Though the average Briton is "formally" free, for instance, to put out a newspaper in which to express his religious opinions, he has not enough money and is therefore not really free to do so. But when the dean discusses liberty in the U.S.S.R., he hauls in a double standard and fails to make the same distinction. The average Russian, he says, is free to express his religious views —period. Political liberty, he admits, is nonexistent in the Soviet Union, "in the narrow sense of the right to upset the Plan"—in the "narrow" sense, that is, of the right to oppose government policy.

Dean Johnson has apparently managed to persuade himself that the Soviet system of elections is truly democratic. Methods of final balloting, he feels, are irrelevant under the one-party system, which guarantees a party nominee of election. It is at the nominating conventions that democracy gets its chance to work, for there the Communist Party candidate, the dean informs us, is selected by a show of hands. What happens to owners of unraised hands he has never bothered to discover.

The dean's theories of political science are usually on a par with his reasoning. In 1933 he suggested in a speech that Britain "present" Japan with part of Australia. Such a gesture, he prophesied, "would change the whole atmosphere of the East." Perhaps it would have done so; certainly the speech had a noticeable effect on the atmosphere of Australia, where the air became blue.

Atheism's Envoy to God

What does the future hold in store for the Red Dean of Canterbury? It would seem that so long as he wants to believe everything the Communists tell him, except when they tell him that they do not believe in God, and that religion is the opium of the people, he is pretty sure to remain militant atheism's ambassador to the Almighty.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Loans of Uncle Jesse

Apparently not so much as one dollar of the $50 billion he distributed via the RFC keeps Jesse Jones awake nights

J. K. GALBRAITH

FIFTY BILLION DOLLARS. My Thirteen Years with the RFC (1932-1945). Jesse H. Jones with Edward Angly. *Macmillan. 631 pages. $6.00.*

THE PROPER hero of an autobiography is its author, and this has posed a difficult problem for the prolific memoir writers of the Roosevelt Cabinets. It is very difficult to keep the late President from intruding himself into and even dominating the scene. As a result the author's favorite character becomes a subordinate figure faithfully (or on occasion unfaithfully) doing the boss's bidding. Two of the more selfless and civilized of Roosevelt's aides, Frances Perkins and Henry L. Stimson, were entirely content to present themselves, where appropriate, as members of a supporting cast. For others it obviously hasn't been so easy.

For Jesse H. Jones, who now joins the still-widening circle of New Deal literati, the problem of what to do with the President is no problem at all. He firmly relegates him to the background. F.D.R. is there, to be sure, a man with whom many matters had to be cleared, who made a great many requests of Jesse for action of one sort or another, most of them inconvenient, who not infrequently listened to what Jesse considered strictly scurrilous stories about Jesse, who occasionally pleased and flattered his banker, and who, in the end, fired him. But these are trifles. It is Jesse Jones's view that the wisest and most important man in Washington during his years of service there was Jesse Jones. Having identified the man best worth talking about, the author sticks to him.

Nearly all of Jesse Jones's story is concerned with the prodigious sums of money which he dispensed to banks and business concerns. He does take time off to discuss his fellow Cabinet officers, concerning whom, in general, he is decidedly mellow. He recounts his role in compromising Elliott Roosevelt's loans from the late John A. Hartford of A. & P. and defends his own and Elliott's part in the transaction. He also goes into considerable detail on his climactic row with Henry Wallace and the latter's colleagues in the Board of Economic Warfare. Here the mellowness disappears—the author is still very, *very* angry with Wallace and with all the people who worked for him. Indeed, here either the collaborator lost his grip on the author or the author on himself, for the imperturbable Jones descends to the kind of angry name-calling which, I regret to say, even the well-bred offspring of my Cambridge neighbors occasionally employ. After all, Mr. Jones, this was eight years ago. The BEW was a bit overstaffed and no doubt also both a bit too tense and a bit too grandiose. But if we had lost the war it might have been urged, in our Riom trials, that you were a bit too deliberate. Let us write our memoirs like Texas gentlemen.

'Buy Me That, Jesse'

Jones also deals with the requests that he received from Roosevelt for this and that, and here too he is occasionally less than urbane. As the author delightedly points out, Congress never refused him a request for additional power; and since additional power was often requested, it came to pass eventually that the RFC could lend (or grant) any amount of money to anyone for anything. It must be conceded that some of F.D.R.'s proposals for using this power were unusual. Without doubt the most remarkable was the President's suggestion, in 1941, that the RFC buy the Empire State Building for use as a Federal office building in New York, which would have had the more than incidental effect of bailing John J. Raskob and Al Smith out of what then seemed a dubious investment. Jones disapproved, but gradually came around to making an offer, which was rejected. He also disapproved of many other projects—from the purchase of the Rogers estate near Hyde Park to the seizure of Montgomery Ward and the physical removal from its premises of its board chairman, Sewell Avery—with which he finally went along.

There is an engaging ambiguity in the author's position on both these and other transactions. He disapproved of much that went on in Washington in the heady days of the New Deal, and in a slightly redundant chapter he explains that he was not a New Dealer. He also resisted what he disapproved—up to a point. But that point was far short of resignation, the normal recourse of a public servant who dislikes a policy. Instead, when resistance became useless, the author got aboard. He would have been wiser to avoid criticism now, for he repeatedly alleges error (or nonsense) in projects in which he was himself implicated. The reader will be tempted to suppose that the author's dislike for what he was do-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jesse H. Jones

ing was somewhat subordinate to his affection for being in office. Not even Jesse Jones can be both right and wrong.

How to Disburse Billions

As I have suggested, the substance of Jesse Jones's saga is in the billions he dispensed, first to stop the depression and then to win the war. By the author's account this job was extremely well done. He himself made no mistakes of record: During the depression years the right loans were taken and the wrong ones refused; later, when the war came, the RFC and its subordinate agencies moved with precision and dispatch to see that money was made available where needed in the proper amounts and that little or none was wasted.

The case the author makes for this rather breathtaking achievement is persuasive. In part it depends on the Jones ego, which is a thing of such truly monumental proportions that lesser men can only gaze at it in admiration. It enables him to introduce as reliable and prescient all who have spoken well of his ability and operations; it similarly enables him to dismiss as mendacious or worse the testimony of those who have presumed to speak ill. Thus, in commenting on the early days of the New Deal, he says:

"It soon developed that Secretary Woodin was not in good health. He told me he was going to resign as soon as the President would let him, and he wanted me to succeed him as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Woodin was a good man and a gentle character."

By contrast he dismisses charges by Senator Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire of mismanagement of certain railroad loans with the placid observation that they were "without foundation and undoubtedly were inspired by some selfish or vindictive motive." Concerning the Baruch committee's contention that the energy he had put behind the synthetic-rubber program had been less than phenomenal, the author states: "Probably Mr. Baruch and his committee colleagues, Messrs. Dillon and Hancock, like some other Wall Streeters, were none too pleased that the RFC, the biggest banking and industrial corporation in history, could be run without calling on some of them."

Heads or Tails, He Wins

Jones has another device that also renders him notable service in maintaining his record. In instances where the depression loans to banks, railroads, industrial corporations, municipalities, and other borrowers turned out well, the success is credited to the good judgment of the author. (With recovery and eventual inflation an extraordinarily high proportion did pay off.) Money lost was part of the necessary cost of recovery. Later, with the war, those enterprises which contributed handsomely to war production and whose loans were paid off from war profits also redound to the credit of Jesse Jones. The enterprises that went sour he was forced into by the other war agencies (the successes were similarly based on directives from other agencies, but the point is not emphasized) or were in the larger interest of getting our boys home again. This is a fairly ironclad formula.

It follows from the above that Jones's appraisal of Jones will not be taken as definitive except by Jones and a few other loyal Texans. On the other hand, in the endlessly fascinating task of reexamining the life and times of F.D.R., it would be a great mistake to assign Jones an obstructive or a negative role, as some of his contemporaries, more concerned with results than with adequate collateral, will be inclined to do. It would seem to me clear, both from this story and from the record at large, that Jesse Jones was a good administrator. His RFC was a large organization, but seems never to have suffered from the stultifying excess of personnel that characterized so many of the New Deal agencies. It was never convulsed by internal disputes between ambitious officials; Jesse Jones dealt with Congress, the press, and the President, and the others did their jobs. While at no time under his administration was it subjected to the kind of Congressional scrutiny it has since received, so far as the record shows it was immune to petty influence peddlers.

Much more important, Jesse Jones's personality and background enabled him to play a highly revolutionary role in an exceedingly nonrevolutionary war. For checking the wholesale liqui-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dation of assets in the early 1930's, for the emergency financing of a wide variety of New Deal enterprises and for the war, the Executive doubtless needed something close to an open-ended authorization to spend money. Not since the time of Charles I has such a power been granted so fully by an English-speaking legislature as it was to Roosevelt by way of the RFC. This allowed for flexibility and especially for improvisation in fighting the depression; it was, of course, indispensable for the war.

As a simple matter of political tactics, this delegation of power became possible because it was to be administered by the conservative and notoriously cautious Jones. But even assuming the power, it was well, especially in a liberal Administration, that there be a stubborn hand on the spigot. For even the President to get money out of the RFC was a grueling task. For anyone else it assumed the status of a campaign. This, in a day when expansive and frequently expensive ideas were being hatched with considerable ease and speed, meant there was a chance for second thoughts while Jesse Jones was being brought around. Because he was exceedingly sensitive to criticism, projects had to be made reasonably secure against criticism. No doubt, when Al Smith sought to unload his lofty white elephant (as it then seemed) on the government, F.D.R. was moved, impulsively, to show he could overlook political feuds in order to help an old friend. Jesse sat on the project long enough to allow the impulse to cool, and this was probably just as well. A few more skyscrapers in the short run would have meant a lot less discretionary power for the Administration in the long run.

Jesse's Unique Function

In short, while Jesse Jones may not have been the paragon of fiduciary and political wisdom that he unreluctantly hints, he was not the negative force that some of his Washington contemporaries were inclined to think. On the contrary, given his unwillingness to resign and hence his need to conform whenever the pressures built up sufficiently, he was a very useful man even by New Deal standards. If he hadn't existed he would have had to be invented, and that would have been *some* job.

Hollywood Below The Himalayas

ROBERT LUBAR

THERE IS no word for "supercolossal" in Hindi, the official language of India, but one may soon have to be invented if that nation's motion-picture industry keeps growing.

India is today the world's No. 2 producer of celluloid make-believe. Last year its studios released over half as many full-length features as Hollywood's did. India's moviemakers use up about two hundred million feet of raw film yearly, and their total investment comes to around $60 million, a respectable sum even in California.

Most Indian movies are not made for the world market, and English-speaking Indians in cities like Bombay and Calcutta still favor Hollywood's offerings over homemade ones. But even these audiences tend to prefer Tarzan and the vehicles of Esther Williams to more subtle forms of entertainment, and their millions of non-English-speaking compatriots are generally attracted by films featuring a maximum of action, glitter, and music, and a minimum of intricate dialogue and subtle characterization.

An indication of the potential of the Indian market was given by the phenomenal success of "Chandralekha," India's all-time top box-office hit. "Chandralekha" opened in mid-1948 and is still running in a few Indian towns. Up to now it has been seen by about fifteen million moviegoers and has grossed more than ten million rupees ($2,100,000). It ran 543 days in Calcutta and thirty weeks in Bombay.

"Chandralekha" cost more than any previous Indian film—3,500,000 rupees (then $1,050,000)—but essentially it followed the Indian formula, the only difference being that the ingredients were more slickly put together and the film was better promoted. The plot, which is of the fairy-tale variety, concerns a prince who is shut up in a cave by his wicked brother, is rescued by a pure-hearted maiden (Chandralekha) with the aid of some circus elephants, joins the heroine in the circus, and eventually overthrows his brother. A large part of the film consists of circus scenes, and hundreds of thousands of Indians who had never seen a circus went to the movie for that reason alone. "Chandralekha's" advertising promotion pulled in millions more by revealing that "a number of moral points like 'villainy does not pay,' 'true love triumphs in the end,' and other things have been carefully put into the plot."

It's Colossal, But Is It Art?

"Chandralekha" was the creation of S. S. Vasan, who probably is India's closest competitor of Cecil B. De Mille. Vasan, who is a native of the South Indian province of Madras, in his youth shot for a literary record by writing thirty-six novels. Tiring of fiction, he became editor of South India's

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most popular weekly magazine, and also cultivated a highly lucrative interest in breeding and racing horses. With his track profits he founded Cemini Studios in Madras City, and began a scientific study of what makes Indians go to the movies. "Chandralekha," which took three years to shoot, was the payoff.

Vasan's careful approach is almost unique. Most Indian producers are interested solely in turning a quick rupee in what is, luckily for them, an expanding market. Such men have dominated the industry since Indian pictures were first made back in 1913. The early producers were cotton merchants and petty bankers who saw the cinematic potentialities of a vast illiterate audience. India's Hollywood is scattered over the nation's three largest cities—Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. Most studios are in Bombay, hidden among the cotton mills, auto workshops, and tenements of the city's industrial district.

The average Bombay producer usually employs no permanent staff, and he rarely owns his own studio. His office is often a desk in someone else's cotton-brokerage office. All he needs to start business is a telephone and some stationery. When he gets an idea for a movie he stages a sort of christening party called a *mohorrut*. He invites a crowd of movie people, serves refreshments, and, if he is a Hindu (most producers are), arranges for a holy man to say some prayers for the new creation. But the real purpose of the *mohorrut* is to round up a few "angels," or backers. The most sought-after angels are men in the movie-distributing and -exhibiting business, who are in a position to assure that a picture will be shown. India has two thousand movie theaters and several hundred mobile projection units, but these are not enough to assure all pictures the long runs they need to make money. Generally a theater owner agrees to keep a picture running as long as his audiences exceed a certain minimum number. Occasionally, greedy producers send agents to bribe ticket salesmen to put up "Full House" signs when in reality the bulk of seats are still unsold. Such cutthroat tactics make it imperative for the movie producer to get theater proprietors on his side before he starts production.

Nargis

When a producer has assured himself of capital and a theater outlet, he hires a director, some writers, and finally a studio. In Bombay there are several studios which let out facilities for picture making. One such is Shree Sound Films, which rents out its space in shifts. The producer pays 750 rupees ($157.50) every time he uses the set. For this fee, Shree Sound provides scenery and technicians, and processes the films. The studio usually has five productions going full blast, and its annual output averages ten pictures. The man who runs Shree Sound is an old-time director named Rajni Kant Pandya, who has a generally low opinion of Bombay moviemaking. "There are," he says, "seventy-five producers in Bombay. Ten of them know what film making is all about."

Ulcers as Usual

Because they are paying for studio space per shift, producers and directors work under constant pressure, and the consequent tension yields as bountiful a crop of ulcers as Hollywood's frenzy ever does. The most pernicious ulcer producer in Indian film making is its star system. One director sweating to finish a picture within his time budget voiced what seemed to be the universal complaint: "This picture is sure to go into overtime. I can't get the stars. I follow them around and plead with them to give me an appointment, but they ignore me." Most stars follow the practice of signing with various producers to make several pictures simultaneously, and then make appointments to appear on each producer's set for a scene or two. Stars spend their days cruising from one set to another; directors spend theirs wondering whether stars will show up.

Some top Indian stars have bigger net incomes than Hollywood's highest, due to a device known as "black-and-white payment." The white part of the payment is the salary mentioned in the contract. But when the contract is signed, the producer passes the star a much bigger amount under the table. The stars are thus able to effect sizable income-tax savings.

The cult of star worship in India is almost as highly developed as it is in the United States. Probably the most popular star is a well-formed brunette named Nargis. Nargis (meaning "Narcissus") is the movie name of Rashida Hussein, the daughter of a modest middle-class Moslem family in Bombay. Like her Hollywood counterparts, Nargis can never appear in public without drawing a crowd of noisy admirers, but unlike most of her Indian colleagues she has a reputation as a hard and conscientious worker.

One director complained, "My stars just sit around playing cards until they're called to go on. Sometimes they don't even know the names of the characters they are playing." The producer puts up with such exasperating conduct because in the last analysis the presence of the star's name on the marquee is more important to him than a performance that earns critical accolades.

Although most producers are not well up on Hollywood techniques, they have absorbed the tradition of sacrificing artistic considerations for the biggest mass audience. To increase box-office receipts, some make pictures in several languages. India is a land of more than one hundred dialects, and only a bare majority of its inhabitants speak Hindi. Most pictures are made in Hindi to begin with and then other versions are turned out with different languages dubbed in, sometimes rather sketchily.

The lowest - common - denominator theory operates to keep movie themes as inoffensive as possible. The most popular subjects for picture treatment

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are myths or selections from the great Indian epic poems. Heroic love stories, dripping with sacrifice and Platonic devotion, come next. Social themes are scorned, the theory being that audiences of poor villagers and townsmen want to escape from drab reality, preferably into a world of kings and gods.

Indian producers generally work on the assumption that moviegoers are not particularly interested in integrated story developments. But one *sine qua non* is plenty of music. Some pictures are advertised almost solely on the basis of the number of songs they contain. Billboards proclaim: FIFTY LOVELY SONGS—FIFTY. An Indian picture without songs is as unheard-of as a Hollywood picture proving that crime pays. A veteran director tells what happened to him when he dared make a picture without songs. "The producer demanded that eight scenes be slashed arbitrarily and eight song sequences added regardless of how they interfered with the continuity. Naturally it ruined the picture, but it was wonderful box office."

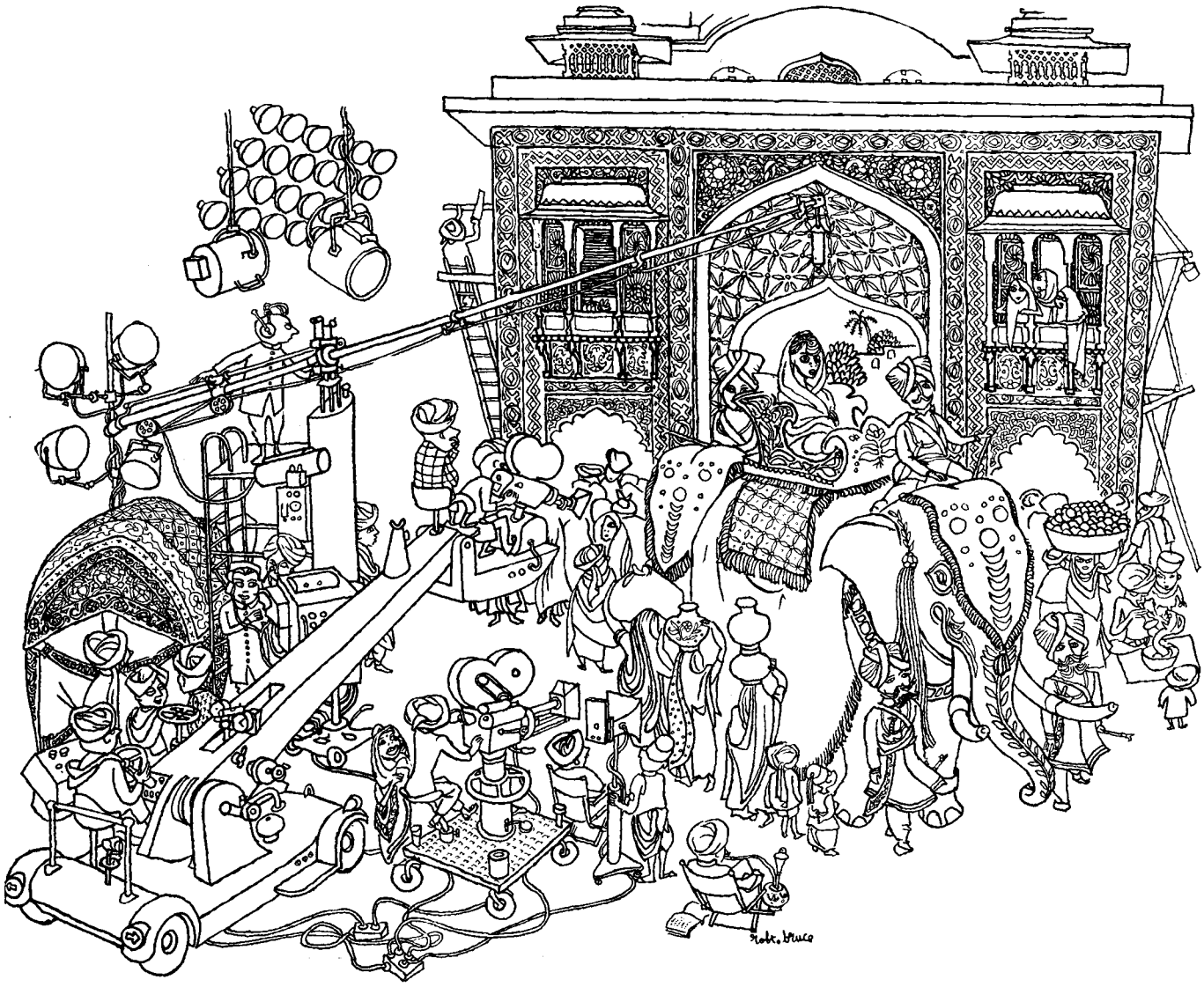
Indian movie music is a peculiar East-West hybrid, a catchy mixture of Oriental rhythms and American jazz, vintage 1925. Background music leans heavily on Bizet's *Carmen,* Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," and Grieg's "Piano Concerto."

Lips That Touch Liquor . . .

Another obstacle for producers is the rigorous censor's examination each picture must undergo. Under India's new Constitution, censorship is an exclusive power of the central government, but until recently producers were at the mercy of provincial boards with varying and conflicting tastes and whims. There are several universal censorship rules no producer will risk breaking. No picture may show either physical passion or extreme hate. The hero and the heroine may be shown preparing for a kiss but their lips may never be shown actually touching. No character may ever be shown taking a drink—a concession to India's strong prohibitionist sentiment.

The strictures of censorship, the requirements of song, and the casualness of stars all operate to keep producers from trying anything very arty or unusual. Most of them are satisfied to keep on raking in profits on mediocre products, but, as in Hollywood, in reflective or bibulous moods they often express their distaste for "having to please the masses."

There are a few producers with whom art is no pretense. One of them is Shantaram, the actor-producer who made "Shakuntala," the only Indian



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film so far shown publicly in the United States. Shantaram has his own studio and a permanent stable of actors, writers, and technicians. He defies convention to the extent of making only one picture a year and rehearsing for a month before he starts shooting. Furthermore, he insists on solidly built sets instead of the painted crudities his rivals rely on. Instead of submitting to the blackmail tactics of established stars, Shantaram develops his own actors, little-known performers with great loyalty to him and a real desire to develop their talent. Shantaram has even dared to violate the taboo on modern social themes. After the war he made a picture about black-marketing, and turned a profit on it—probably because of its novelty.

'So Sam Goldwyn Said to Me . . .'

Shantaram has been in the business thirty years, but around the studios he's often called the "young genius." He shies away from this title, insisting that his realistic touches and intensive workmanship are simply fundamentals he learned in Hollywood. In making such a claim, Shantaram realizes that in the Indian industry it is equivalent to saying he picked something up direct from the mouth of the Almighty. After a producer or director visits the United States, he usually displays the ability to toss off the first names or initials of American movie titans as casually as possible, but few have learned Hollywood's lessons as well as Shantaram. Most follow a neat and interesting shortcut for imitating American successes—the increasingly popular device of "remaking" American films.

When a producer wants to remake an American hit, he does not simply take the script and employ writers to turn it into the Indian idiom and an Indian language. He goes to a projection room and watches the American picture as much as a dozen times. Then, frame by frame, he reconstructs it on his set. He employs artists to copy the backdrops in the American film, and sometimes he even dresses his actors and actresses just like their counterparts in the Hollywood version. Of course, he always adds a couple of dozen songs.

One of these laboriously copied jobs was an Indian "Romeo and Juliet." This picture owed little to Shakespeare—indeed, few of the original lines survived the shuffle—but pictorially it was an almost exact replica of the "Romeo and Juliet" that M-G-M produced in the 1930's.

Following his smash success with "Chandralekha," S. S. Vasan also tried his hand at the "remake" business. He produced a picture called "Strange Brothers," based on the Warner Brothers version of the Dumas novel *The Corsican Brothers.*

This grim drama of feuding and revenge was somewhat altered by the insertion of eight song-and-dance numbers, but otherwise Vasan adhered closely to his Hollywood model. There were great clashes of horsemen, long shots that could have been snipped from any Hollywood Western, shots of a doctor working in a fantastic laboratory full of bubbling test tubes, and plenty of acrobats. The dependence on equine transportation implied that the film was supposed to take place in the eighteenth century, but at one climactic moment the heroine made her escape from the villain by pulling an electric light switch in a theater. Somehow, in its transition to the Indian screen, the original Hollywood production turned into a two-and-a-half-hour monster. "Strange Brothers" used 13,555 feet of celluloid, or approximately five thousand more than the average American movie.

Extreme length is a normal characteristic of the Indian film. Part of the swollen size is, of course, due to the musical numbers. But some of it is caused by directors' inability to achieve quick transitions. For example, where the script demanded that a character leave his office and go home, an American film would show him picking up his hat and slamming his office door, and then, after a fade-out, he would be shown kissing his wife. In an Indian picture, the man would put on his hat, open the door of his office, walk out of his office, shuffle down the stairs, get into a streetcar, get off the streetcar, then walk up the path to his house and open the door.

Length and Liberty

In the past, Indian producers have favored such attention to detail, on the theory that the average customer wanted as long an escape as possible from his drab life. Now, because raw film is a drain on India's foreign exchange, the government has set a limit of 11,500 feet on feature pictures. This ruling has aroused almost every producer. Vasan has led the fight against the length limit by going on a country-wide lecture tour to hammer at the threat of shorter pictures. "Film-footage restriction," he has said, "is a restriction on knowledge, on thinking, and on fundamental rights!"

Scene from 'Chandralekha'

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Migrant with Message

How a longshoreman named Eric Hoffer began confounding philosophy professors

RICHARD A. DONOVAN

WHEN *The True Believer,* Eric Hoffer's book about the nature of mass movements, was published last March, reviewers immediately began to compare Hoffer's powers of reason, insight, and composition with those of Thorstein Veblen, José Ortega y Gasset and Niccolò Machiavelli, among others, and to call his book "'one of the most impressive works of pure cerebration in history." Even readers who weren't bowled over by the broadside of reviewers' superlatives discovered in *The True Believer* one of those rare books that make an original contribution toward explaining society to itself.

Hoffer's principal finding was that all mass movements, whether social, religious, or nationalist, arise where frustration is general. Wherever there is a ceiling on self-realization, Hoffer said, men try to go through it. They are prepared for this leap by frustrated men of words, led into action by fanatics, and ultimately reorganized by men of action—businessmen, politicians, anybody who thrives on "order."

The hard shine of this reasoning, plus Hoffer's ability to turn an aphorism, soon caused public interest in the book to run high. But what really impressed readers was that "one of the most significant studies of our time" was not written by a famous scholar but by an unknown San Francisco longshoreman and part-time migrant laborer.

'Big Bindlestiff'?

"What kind of a man is this who can heave cargo all week and write like Plato on his day off?" asked one reader, a professor of philosophy. ". . . there are so many sirens in our ears, such a rush of wind, such a dread of falling off the fire engine most of us ride these days that we haven't time to reflect. How has Hoffer got around the time clock, the insurance salesman, the time-payment plan? Did he draw his material from the waterfront and the migrant camps, or from the small-town libraries the book's dust jacket mentions? Is he another Thoreau, or a bookworm in dungarees? Did he find something in the common root-soil of daily American life that the rest of us can find? What kind of life did this big bindlestiff lead, anyhow?"

Well, let us see.

The life Eric Hoffer led began in 1902 in a cold-water walk-up in the Bronx, where he was born for the first time. (He was born again eighteen years later.) He learned to read before he was six, but before he was eight he was blinded, and his mother was injured so badly she died two years later, in a household accident in which both of them fell down a flight of stairs.

"From my seventh to my sixteenth year, I groped helplessly about my room," Hoffer has written. "Except for my mind, I was inert—I had no friends, no games, no ambitions, no grasp of reality. I had no contact with my father, who was a rigidly silent Alsatian cabinetmaker. Once, in another room, I heard him call me the 'blind idiot.'

"When I was sixteen, my eyesight began to return, gradually, although in retrospect it seems to have been sudden. I began to read indiscriminately, not to catch up but in dread I would go blind again. I did not know one author from another. I remember picking up *Gösta Berling's Saga* and getting very excited about it. The same was true of the books of Knut Hamsun and Dostoyevsky. I was not a normal American youth. I had no desire to get ahead of anybody because I was not competitive —I had no fear of being left behind.

"When my father died in 1920, leaving a few hundred dollars, I realized I would have to fend for myself in a world I knew very little about. [I] had often [been] told . . . that all the Hoffers were short-lived. I considered it axiomatic that I would not live to be forty. Life, then, was a simple question of spending the twenty years ahead of me in the least painful and troublesome manner. I knew I did not want to work in a factory or cultivate a boss. I knew I would always be poor, and that that being the case the best place for me would probably be California. The sense of being a tourist in life may have spared me the fear of poverty and the fear of age."

Unique Migrant

Of all the Americans who ever got off the train to stare at the city of Los Angeles, Hoffer was one of the rarest. He understood much moral and political philosophy; he was at ease with many of the great cynical materialists. The theories of liberty and responsibility absorbed him. But he had never earned a dollar, punched a nose, been out with a girl, or drunk Coca-Cola. Hatless, tieless, wearing a leather jacket, corduroys, and an expression of childlike wonder, he was, in terms of worldly experience, a two-hundred-pound, eighteen-year-old man in an egg.

"I rented a room not far from the public library and lived from day to day," Hoffer says. "I did not look for a job. When my money was spent, I sold my books and clothes a few at a time. When I sold my last disposable possession, a leather jacket, I paid a month's rent in advance and was all set for the experience of hunger. I was not worried but very excited."

According to Hoffer's calculations, it

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was at this time his second, and final, birth took place.

"On the second day of going without food, I began to feel as though a hand wrung and squeezed my stomach and pushed it upward toward my chest. . . . I walked the streets all day long. . . . I had no reveries of food. . . . Once, I caught a glimpse of myself in a store window and saw a face lined with anxiety. I was surprised. . . .

"On the evening of the fifth day, I stopped in front of a pet shop on Main street. In the window were pigeons—some white, some gray, and two white with chocolate bands around their necks. One of the banded ones was large and the other tiny. The tiny one lifted its beak and pushed it into the beak of the large one and with clasped beaks they swayed their heads from side to side. I thought it an act of feeding . . . but I soon changed my mind. For there was an ecstasy and an obliviousness of everything in the swaying heads and the stamping of the pink feet. . . . In the midst of watching this mating ritual, I suddenly realized that I had forgotten all about my hunger. The realization filled me with wonder. Was hunger then nothing more mysterious than a toothache? I felt light and free. I turned into the first restaurant I came to and asked the owner whether I could wash pots, or anything, for a meal. While I was helping the dishwasher, he told me I could get a job on skid row."

With a few meals down, Hoffer began to feel alive to all the enormous possibilities of resurrection. Skid Row seemed no dead end, but a marvelous grade school for just such children as himself.

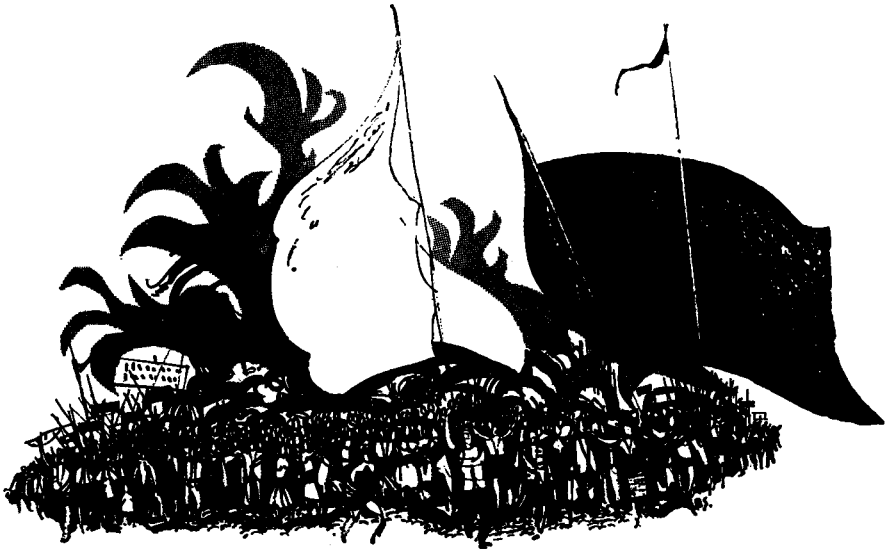
Meteoric Business Career

Hoffer's first classroom was the hiring hall of the State Free Employment Agency—a huge room filled with benches on which some five hundred men sat daily, waiting for the job dispatcher to give them work. As a new pupil, Hoffer sat on a back bench. Days passed without the dispatcher's glancing at him.

"You may easily overestimate people's sensitivity," Hoffer says, "but rarely their subtlety." Hoffer's subtlety got to work on the dispatcher. He noticed that this man took only a half minute to pick his man—that he acted as a puppet, without deliberating. "I had to find out how to manipulate the puppet," says Hoffer, who also noticed that the dispatcher inevitably picked someone from the center of the room. To catch the dispatcher's eye, Hoffer sat in the center, held a red-jacketed book prominently before him, and smiled prodigiously—making his face contrast sharply with those around him. He got three jobs the first day he tried this and thirteen more that week.

"I was rolling in dough," Hoffer says, "because I had made a simple calculation. I learned then that I could be a successful businessman. That relieved me of the necessity of ever trying."

In the next five years, riding the freights, sleeping in bunkhouses or in the open in small-town cemeteries, bathing in irrigation ditches; picking cotton in shimmering heat near Bakersfield, olives near Porterville, and lemons near Santa Paula; walking sometimes as much as a hundred miles between jobs in the head-filling musk of the orange blossoms near San Bernardino and on through the black peatland and the round hills, sunburned the color of straw, in the San Joaquin; moving on among the accents and attitudes and high cheekbones of Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas; listening by candlelight in verminous cabins to the eternal arguments about which race was best, which nation, which religion, what kind of woman—in the next five years, Eric Hoffer learned a great deal about how to read other men as he had always read himself, and also about how to put what he saw and heard together.



Libraries and 'Little Things'

This is not to say that Hoffer began then to gather all the materials that have gone into *The True Believer*. But the stimulus to thought, and most of the thoughts themselves, came from close observation of the people around him. Later, in libraries along the way, he checked and enlarged these thoughts by reading the writers whose minds had run in the same icy, analytical way as his own. But the original work was done in the fields, watching for the little things.

The night before a pea-picking job near Tracy, for instance, a little man with a voice like a file, the most vicious human being Hoffer had ever heard talk, spent half an hour wishing death to the Jews. But the next day, when the field had been picked clean and Hoffer was left with a half-empty last hamper, the anti-Semite helped him fill it and walked off with the comment: "Give a hand to the next guy you meet."

As he worked the valleys of California, watching for the "pattern of regularities, the little things," Hoffer wrote down the thoughts about them that he has since polished into maxims in *The True Believer:*

"The vanity of the selfless, even those who practice utmost humility, is boundless.

". . . the fanatic who deserts his holy cause . . . remains a homeless hitchhiker on the highways of the world thumbing a ride on any eternal cause that rolls by.

"The poor on the borderline of starvation lead purposeful lives. To be engaged in a desperate struggle for food

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shelter is to be wholly free from a sense of futility.

"They who clamor loudest for freedom are often the ones least likely to be happy in a free society."

The Microcosm

Hoffer's notes, written in railroad yards, fields, and the backs of trucks, and embellished in the libraries of little towns, were on "man, America and the world." But they lacked the sure touch of a man who really knew other men. Hoffer did not acquire this touch until he had lived for a month with some two hundred fruit tramps in a Federal transient camp for the single, homeless unemployed, in El Centro, in the Imperial Valley. It was there that the mass-movement idea, the core of *The True Believer,* began to take shape.

The people the fruit tramps most resembled, in Hoffer's mind, were the American pioneers. He asked irascible old-timers in the camp what the pioneers were like and they all agreed they were fighting, gambling, wenching, big-hearted, grasping God-fearers, mostly. That fitted the fruit tramps.

Perhaps the pioneers and fruit tramps were links in a longer chain, reaching back to the religious and political uprisers, who had been misfits, poor and common and mad about it. There were dozens of similarities: All were frustrated; all wanted the world to start over from scratch; all wanted to forget themselves by joining something. The reason the fruit tramps didn't do anything rash when the pressure built up was probably that their talkers and fanatics were too busy fighting for food. Also, the fruit tramps could migrate, "engage in mass vagabondage," when they were ready to pop. People's ability to move on had saved the U.S.A. a lot of revolutions.

Listening to the talk one day, Hoffer realized that what he was living with was the basic ingredient for that recurrent world blow-up, or sickness (or antidote for social stagnation), the mass movement. Here, in alternate boredom, frustration, fervent hope, hatred, intolerance, desire for change, desire for new Holy Writ, desire for blind faith in something worth dying for, was the eternal manpower of eternal change. Doctrines, slogans, promises of reward or achievement were not what could really set off the fruit tramps or their brothers, Hoffer reasoned, but the lure of the mass itself, all solid-fronted and going the hell somewhere.

Whether going or sitting, the importance in world affairs of the true believers could not be minimized. In the end, when they finally got rolling, the leaders followed them. "The game of history is . . . played by the best and the worst over the heads of the majority in the middle," Hoffer wrote.

As a field laborer from 1934 to 1939, Hoffer filled many notebooks. He wrote everything down because he thought he had a poor memory, and he wrote in a clear, almost Confucian style because he thought he lacked erudition. He never made permanent attachments to men or women. In 1940, he got a job stevedoring on the San Francisco waterfront.

"The truly fortunate people in this country are children and organized workers," Hoffer says. "As a longshoreman, I feel more independent and have more leisure than a businessman or a white-collar worker. If I work three days a week, I make about fifty bucks, gross. . . . To earn more than this would be to waste my time. I discovered long ago that wise living consists not in acquiring good habits but in acquiring as few habits as possible."

Heaving cargo on the waterfront has cost Hoffer a crushed hand and heart trouble, and may have aged him a bit prematurely. But it has given him security as an organized worker. He belongs to Harry Bridges's ILWU, which he considers one of the most conservative bodies in the United States "for the simple reason that its members have what they once had to fight for, and having it, now want to protect it."

The Park and the Vineyard

The last few years, Hoffer has used much of his leisure walking in the forest-like reaches of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, where he wrestled out the pattern of *The True Believer.* He is quite a sight there—a thick-set, swift-striding, six-foot man with the bumps and hollows of his bald dome gleaming above a white fringe of hair; a slope-shouldered man in a leather jacket and sag-seated corduroys, with a big, strong, deeply lined face and quick blue eyes turned out and in at the same time; a man with a carved manzanita stick, a "thinking reed," in his rebuilt right hand, whittling and humming as he walks in the city forest from the car lines on the east to the Pacific on the west and working out part of his problem for the day at the azalea gardens, part at the artificial waterfall, part by the animal pens, and the rest on the beach.

The final draft of *The True Believer* was written in Hoffer's $25-a-month third-floor room in the vast and ancient San Francisco rooming house where he has lived for ten years. This room is like most of the rooms Hoffer has occupied in California—pull-down bed, stained yellow wallpaper, linoleum worn black, Morris chair, a two-burner stove for heating coffee and soup. The difference is the bookshelf and the battered desk and end table with a plywood board stretched between. On this board Hoffer wrote out *The True Believer* in longhand.

Whether this room, or Golden Gate Park, or the waterfront, or the migrant's trail, or any of the rest of Hoffer's American experience will help answer some of the questions put by the philosophy professor is hard to say. Perhaps Hoffer has had time to answer them since his return from picking grapes in the beautiful hill country around Napa.

Meanwhile, letters from all over the world pile up in front of his door. If they are at all like previous letters, they should form excellent background for a new volume he is preparing. It is a book on the nature of enthusiasm.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are Women's Colleges Really Necessary?

DIANA TRILLING

WHENEVER I hear discussion these days of what should be taught a woman in college—should she continue to be given the same training as a man, or should she be taught the subjects with which her sex is most concerned: home economics, nutrition, child psychology?—I am reminded of an occasion in my own college experience. It was a fall morning in the early 1920's. Some eight hundred girls, their faces scrubbed and pure, none showing so much as a trace of lipstick, had assembled in the academic theater to be welcomed by a new dean. The wife of a famous Harvard professor, Mrs. B. was a familiar social figure in Cambridge, but she had no professional interests that any of us had ever heard anything about. There shone around her, at least for my eyes and those of my friends, only the dim glow of Domesticity rather than the clear, steady light of Achievement.

Shelley at the Sink

But even the most suspicious of us could not have been prepared for her address. The announced topic was orthodox enough, "The Purpose of a College Education," but what the new dean of Radcliffe actually talked about was dishwashing! Sweetly reasonable, Mrs. B. assured us that most of us would never have careers; we would marry, have children, and keep house. But our education would not have been wasted. College would have taught us to be more efficient even in our domestic duties. We would have learned, for instance, that it is much better to scald all the dishes with a single kettle of boiling water than to rinse each plate separately. "And," she concluded earnestly, "while you are doing your dishes, your minds will be on higher things. You will be remembering a poem of Keats or Shelley."

This was of course worse than we had expected even of a married dean, and we were indignant. Or, at any rate, we of the vocal minority were indignant—like any student majority, most of the girls could have been told they had come to college to learn to train tigers and they would have remained unshaken. But here were the rest of us, daughters of a militant feminism in a day when a college education for women still represented a revolt against the limitations of home life, enrolled in what was commonly supposed to be the most intellectual of women's colleges, candidates for a degree which was the full equivalent of a Harvard degree, being promised futures of only the bleakest domestic drudgery! I was outraged then, and, recalling the moment, I can still recapture some of my old anger.

But curiously enough, the incident stays in my memory less for what I scorned in Mrs. B.'s address than for its potential element of good sense. I do not mean that, in the fashion of our present day, I have so far repudiated the feminism of my youth as to believe that domesticity is or should be the whole of a woman's experience. And I do not mean that Mrs. B.'s practical prophecy has been proved by time; it has not: I still rinse each plate separately and I have never quoted Shelley over the kitchen sink. But today I can understand that Mrs. B.'s choice of the domestic image was more inept than provocative. Probably she would have been just as willing to say, "Even while you are taking your shoes to the shoemaker, your minds will be on higher things"—in which case she would have been speaking to either sex, and saying something both true and useful about all education, that its chief purpose is to help us transcend the mean circumstances of ordinary existence.

Now this is of course no longer a popular point of view. It may not even be a possible point of view. After all, I went to college in a privileged period of history. America had come through the First World War victorious and unscathed; the world was at peace; our national economy promised a limitless expansion. In the early 1920's the human spirit was free for cultivation; we were not overwhelmed as we are today by the problems of survival. But I look back on the luxury of my college experience, not to depreciate it as inadequate preparation for our present-day chaos, but with profound gratitude for its very impracticality. My education was not a female education in the practical sense of training me for my specific responsibilities as a wife and mother. But neither was it a masculine education in the practical sense of being directed to the worldly needs of a dominant sex. It was something better—an education directed to the mental and emotional enlargement of a civilized human being.

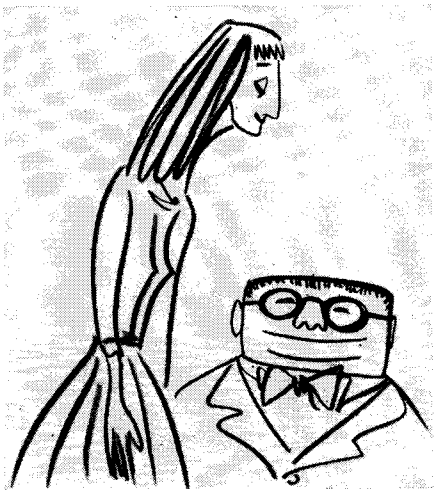
A Freer Age?

But the college girl of my day lived in an atmosphere of freedom that it is now difficult to evoke. She was free of the pressure that is now so strong on all young women—to marry and have their babies quickly, before war robs them of their husbands. She was free, when she did consider marriage and children, to contemplate an only partial domestic commitment—servants were available and not too costly; a woman could hope to run a home and still hold a job. She was free to believe

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that any subject she studied would be as important in fifty or a hundred years as it was at the time she studied it. She was free, as no intelligent voter is today, to make mistakes at the polls. Small wonder that in such a context Mrs. B.'s speech spelled only the death of our legitimate ambitions to rise above the common female fate, and that we failed to hear in it the reinforcement of an attitude toward life which would help us in times less favorable.

Of course some part of our refusal of the common fate of our sex was undoubtedly a refusal of sex itself. American culture is so complicated that it is always dangerous to generalize about it: In a decade which social history has made infamous for its sexual flamboyance—in the Flaming Youth decade, the speakeasy decade, the Fitzgerald decade—the Cambridge I knew was still in the sexual Dark Ages. We were perhaps not all of us quite so benighted as the girl who, when the dormitory cat gave birth to kittens on her bed, demanded the animal's immediate extermination and announced that, because her mother had told her that she was not to know the facts of life until she married, she was not going to learn them from a cat! We were perhaps not all of us *quite* so retrograde as the girl who, preparing for a college dance, insisted that she would not shave under her arms until all the doctors agreed it wasn't harmful. But where we were not utterly ignorant, we were timid and censorious. And even where we thought ourselves "emancipated," what we chiefly meant by our emancipation was the belief that for sex there was world enough and time.

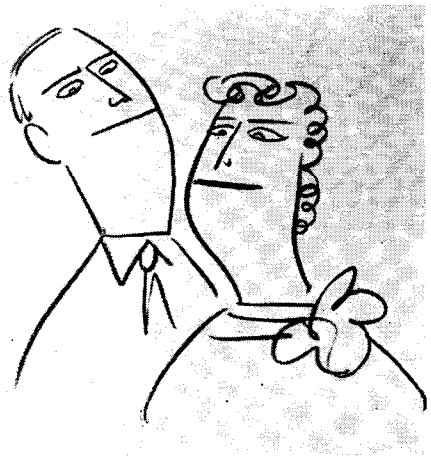


In a period of security and plenty, the innocence of youth could hope to protract itself indefinitely.

Stuffed with Facts

And only in so abundant a time could politics have been as inconsequential, and art as compelling, as we thought them. Although the Harvard Liberal Club was open to Radcliffe students, few of us joined it, and even those of us who did joined without passion. Rather, we read our Mencken and Nathan, and learned that the political life was but another traffic with Mammon, another aspect of the American Philistinism from which we must be saved by art. The lamps of a new indigenous artistic culture were being kindled, and if we considered ourselves in the intellectual vanguard we must follow their beam.

Radcliffe as a whole never went "arty"; a New England respect for decorum was much too firmly ingrained in most of the students for that. But the need to rebel against the conservative culture of Boston did govern some few of us, and even those of us whose impulse to revolt was based elsewhere than in art were, I suppose, the more fervently urged to our dissident points of view because of the particular nature of the Harvard system of instruction. It was a system that put great weight on scholarship and almost none on appreciation or interpretation. The intellectual activity that was best rewarded by our teachers was the absorption of facts. But bitterly as I might protest this factual emphasis, angry as I might be to have so little play given our creative powers, even at the time I was secretly very proud to be thought capable of consuming the amount of information which was being poured into me. And considering the matter today, I still find more advantage than fault in a method which set out to *school* us instead of licensing the wholly untutored undergraduate fancy. Unquestionably the concern with memorized detail was often ludicrously exaggerated, and there is no doubt but that we were focused on the past to the shocking exclusion of the present. (In the 1920's, I could major in the Fine Arts without ever hearing of Cézanne or Picasso!) But from this factual emphasis we at least learned, as the progressive-school student seems never to learn, that there is an objective as well



as a subjective universe, and from this historical emphasis we at least learned that the present is not the whole of time. It was an excellent thing to learn.

Citizen First Class

And especially it was a good thing, I feel, for a woman to learn—though my reasons for this conclusion are not easy to put briefly. When I look back at the kind of education I got, it seems to me that the most useful feature of it was the compliment it paid me, a woman, in assuming that I was both willing and able to submit to the same intellectual discipline as a man. For this assumed that I was a first-class citizen, that although I would probably marry and keep house, I was nevertheless a full-fledged member of society. I can imagine nothing more essential for a wife and mother to feel.

But, too, the historical emphasis in my education seems to me to have been a considerable, if unconscious, support of my mature life. It is commonly said of women—and I think it is largely true—that their concerns are peculiarly concrete, of the moment. We live, however, in a period in which the immediate is also likely to be the impossible, in which the tangible goal is often maddeningly out of reach. In such a situation, even a faulty knowledge of the processes of history can be very useful —if only to remind a woman that the present is not the whole of time, and to give her a scale by which to measure her defeats.

Graduation from Adolescence

I do not mean that this long-range view was available to me as a student. Neither intellectually nor emotionally was I, or is any student, capable of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judging what, in the long run, serves her best. For most girls the college years are still years of post-adolescence, of searching out a ground on which to take their stand as grown women. The important point, however, or the only point one can discuss as educational theory, is not the attitude the girl herself brings to the institution but the attitude the institution suggests to her. Graduated from the kind of education I was given, I feel that I was more completely graduated from adolescence than I could possibly have been had my college itself made a less sure assertion of my intellectual capacities.

I accepted the assumption of my training, that the fact that I was a woman made very little difference in the way I used my mind. And consequently, as far as I think it is possible in our culture—and this is true of all my college friends—I by-passed that obsessive problem of educated women: how to behave intellectually. Shall they be passive or aggressive? Shall they flaunt their Phi Beta Kappa keys or make them into slave bracelets? Because we were taught like men, we suffered a minimum of sexual inferiority, but because we were also presented with the vastness of learning, we also acquired a proper intellectual humility.

There is little question that our traditional schooling trained us in too much humility before authority as a corollary of our humility before learning. I remember, for example, an occasion when an instructor virtually accused me of cribbing on a term paper and I was afraid to confront him with his mistake.

But if our respect for our instructors was excessive, the attitude that students nowadays have—that their teachers are a cross between long-suffering parents and servants—strikes me as being no less harmful. The regard in which we held our teachers was also the regard in which we held the subjects they taught. We did not feel ourselves superior to everything about which we knew nothing. Measured against what there was to know in the world, we thought ourselves small indeed—and this was perhaps the beginning of whatever little wisdom we might hope for.

Grading to the Average

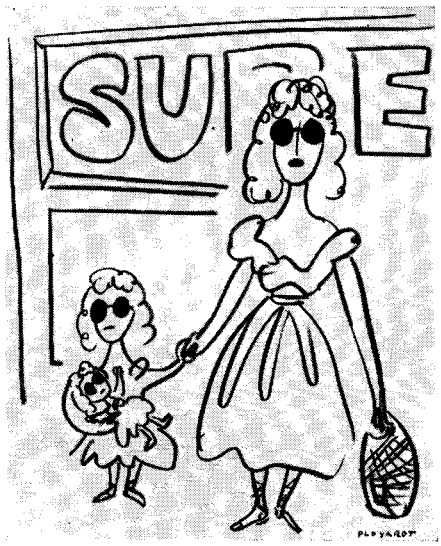
And this emotion of respect was also, I think, the beginning of the only kind of education in democracy that eventually counts for anything. Today we are all of us so harassed by the political situation that education has become exacerbatedly aware of its political responsibility. Our college administrators ask us to keep our minds not on the poets but on our Congressmen and school boards. That is all very well: Certainly it was never more important than it is today to choose our leaders sensibly and to be trained for good leadership ourselves.

But on the other hand, when it is proposed that only those subjects be taught which meet the requirements of the average democratic citizen and that their teaching be graded to the average rather than to the best possible intelligence of our young people—this, I feel, is a serious error, and an error on the side of non-democracy. Much of my college work was beyond me, and I can suppose it was beyond many of the students. But this high standard at which our instruction was aimed represented the faculty's high opinion of us as citizens and persons, an opinion that we tried to live up to and that formed our opinion of our fellow citizens.

Practical Impracticality

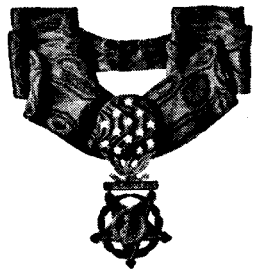
There is much talk today about "education for living," as opposed, I gather, to education that unfits one for a useful part in the contemporary struggle. I have never known exactly what the phrase means, and I suspect that my own education would not fit the category, being, as it was, so much a historical education and so little directed to what is commonly thought "useful." But a decent humility and a decent respect for oneself and others—if by education we really mean education and not just techniques, and if by living we really mean living and not just existing—what better goal could we set ourselves, and especially for women? From earliest childhood, most women have been inculcated, however subtly, with the idea that they are not entirely to be respected. Therefore they do not entirely respect either themselves or others. As a result they compensate for their inferior status by being unduly competitive with men, by dominating their children, or by overstressing the femininity to whch they have been relegated. They develop—it is not a happy observation but we all of us have noted it—the same uneasy traits that sometimes appear in racial and religious groups that are denied full social equality.

I conceive it to be the pleasant paradox of educating women precisely as if they were men that it then turns out that they are willing to be women. They may not be the best meal planners or dishwashers, but they do manage to bring to even these dreary chores a certain ease of spirit. Let me put the proposition quite crudely: In education as in all social intercourse the only *practical* way to treat women is *im*practically—that is, to treat them as if they were the full and absolute equals of men who yet, by some sweet accident of biology, happen to have been formed for other uses.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

This. You can begin today to do your share in defense of the country he defended far "above and beyond the call of duty" by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds.

For your Defense Bonds strengthen America. And if you will make our country strong enough now, American boys may never have to give their lives again. Defense is *your* job, too.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every United States Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

**U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!*

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free TO NEW MEMBERS OF T

American History Book

THE ONLY BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN H

The original $10 edition — never before a Book Club selection!

ACROSS TH WIDE MISSOURI

By BERNARD DeVOTO

Pulitzer Prize Winning Book

A 483-page, indexed volume containing a 96-page section of contemporary watercolor paintings — 32 pages in full color — by Alfred Jacob Miller and others, most of them previously unpublished. **With an account of the discovery of the Miller collection by MAE REED PORTER.**

The story of the Mountain Men who trapped and fought in the violent period 1833-38 . . . the wind and the thirst of the trail, the fierce losing battle of the Indians, the merciless tactics of rival fur companies, the thrill of the buffalo hunt, the trapping of beaver, the mad Saturnalia of lone hunters at their Summer *rendezvous* . . . and the great political and economic issues that came to grips in that vast Rocky Mountain no-man's-land. Faithful and detailed watercolors, made from sketches in the field, add special interest to the exciting text.

Regular Retail Price $10.00 **FREE to new members**

WHY MEMBERSHIP IN THE *American History Book Society* IS IMPORTANT TO YOU

The American History Book Society differs from any other book club in existence. It was founded to enable its members to build a library of Americana—books of permanent importance. Many of these titles are available today only at high prices. Yet the same books, in their original editions, will be offered *to members only* at savings as high as 40% or more.

Also, the Society will encourage publication of important new works by offering awards to outstanding writers in American history . . . and will reprint rare, out-of-print classics that only a few fortunate collectors now own.

It costs nothing to join this distinguished Society. Signing and mailing the coupon enrolls you. Each month the Society's editors select an outstanding current book. You pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, at the reduced, special member's price plus a small fixed mailing charge. When you join, we send you *Across The Wide Missouri* FREE. For each additional four selections you buy, we send you a valuable Bonus Book FREE. And we also give you, FREE, a subscription to *Americana*, monthly magazine that among other features tells you about next month's selection.

If you do not want the forthcoming book, you simply return a printed form. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may buy as few as four Society selections a year.

Start your membership with

THE JEFFERSONIANS

A Study in Administrative History, 1801-1829

By LEONARD D. WHITE

With this pioneering work, Professor White continues the valuable studies in administrative history which he so brilliantly began in *The Federalists*. A wealth of illuminating detail and lively human interest tell a fascinating story of how our infant government converted "a paper constitution into a living reality."

Regular Retail Price $6.00

Member's Price $4.75

$16 WORTH OF BOOKS FOR $4.75 IF YOU JOIN NOW

Society books are books you'll be proud to own!

Send the coupon now to make sure that you reserve a membership.

This coupon makes you a member with all privileges

THE AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK SOCIETY, Dept. R,
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, FREE as a gift upon joining, *Across The Wide Missouri*. With it, send as my first selection *The Jeffersonians* at the special, low member's price of $4.75 plus 30¢ postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* FREE every month. I will receive a FREE Bonus Book for each additional four selections I buy, and my only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED